

AIRMAN'S POST

NO. 2 MANNING DEPOT, BRANDON, MANITOBA



APRIL 1942

Old Soldiers of the
Army and Navy Vets
welcome the new men of
the R.C.A.F.

A. & N. VETS

Brandon Unit No. 10
119 - 10th Street Brandon

Brown's Drug Store

Headquarters in Brandon for
**Sheaffer Fountain Pens, Kodaks,
Films, Picardy Chocolates**

Alex. M. Brown

**CAMERA
EXCHANGE**

PHOTOGRAPHIC
SUPPLIES
RECORDS
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
ELECTRICAL
APPLIANCES

**BRANDON
MUSICAL
SUPPLY CO.**

711 Rosser Brandon



**Blackwoods
Beverages Ltd.**

Winnipeg — Brandon

AIR FORCE HEADQUARTERS FOR
Haversacks, Luggage, Kit Bags, Kit Bag Dees, Button
Polishes, Button Sticks, Padlocks, Sporting Goods.

JOHNSON HARDWARE CO. LTD.

Cor. 9th and Rosser

If You Are Air Minded

Just land in at Brandon's popular eating place where
there is always an air of friendly welcome for the men
and women who serve in Canada's forces.

LYCEUM TEA ROOM

CAFE AND LUNCH COUNTER

636 Rosser Avenue

Phone 3234

MONEY BELTS

**Specially Made for
the R.C.A.F.**

Protect your valuables with a
money belt. Popular models at
popular prices. Manufactured
and distributed by

The
Great West Saddlery
Company Limited
WINNIPEG REGINA SASKATOON
CALGARY EDMONTON

The Brandon Hardware Co. Ltd.

Rosser at 7th

Phone 2145

**HIGH-'N-DRY GINGER ALE
A QUALITY DRINK**

Manufactured by

Scott Fruit Company

Brandon, Man.

ESTABLISHED 1885

**J. S. LAUGHTON & SON
TAILORS**

OFFICERS UNIFORMS AND GREAT COATS

Also Caps, Wings, Badges, Cap Badges, Buttons, Braid, Stripes,
Ribbons, Bars, Crests, etc.

701 Rosser Ave.

Phone 2910

**FOR YOUR
PHOTOGRAPHS**

Come To

Jerrett's

Photo-Art Studio

115 Tenth Street

Phone 2574

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Air Force Souvenirs and Jewellery

A very fine and varied assortment at reasonable prices

P. J. Harwood Ltd.

Jewelers

OUR LOCATION 2 DOORS FROM WOOLWORTH'S

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED

C.N.R. WATCH INSPECTORS

Plain Black Socks

Renown --- \$.55

Eatonia --- .75

"Cumfo" Crotch Shorts .67

Black Ties --

.50 .65 1.00

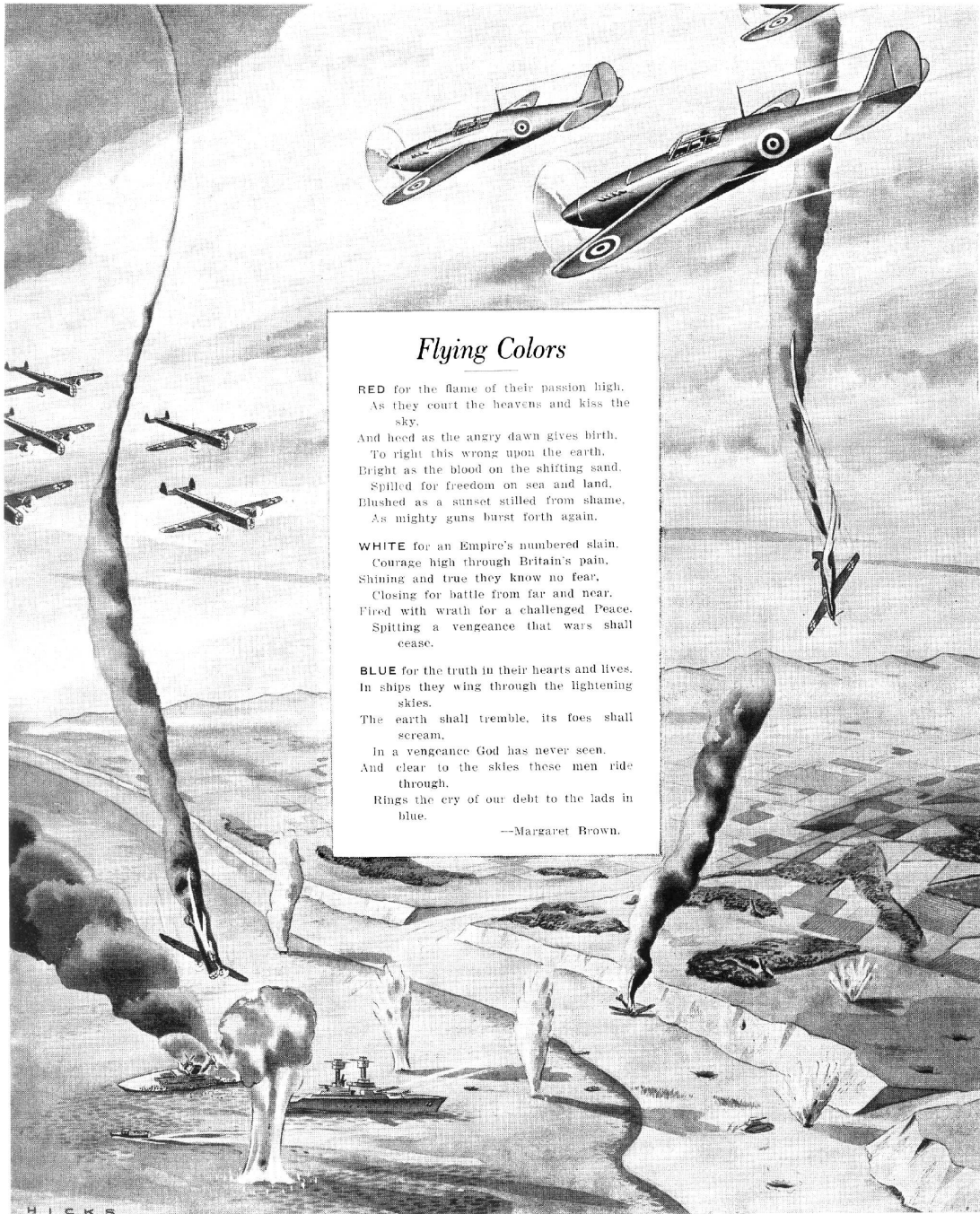
T. EATON CO. LIMITED
BRANCH STORE
BRANDON CANADA

THE AIRMAN'S POST

Vol. 2, No. 2

No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, Man.

April, 1942.



Flying Colors

RED for the flame of their passion high.
As they court the heavens and kiss the sky.
And heed as the angry dawn gives birth.
To right this wrong upon the earth.
Bright as the blood on the shifting sand.
Spilled for freedom on sea and land.
Blushed as a sunset stilled from shame.
As mighty guns burst forth again.

WHITE for an Empire's numbered slain.
Courage high through Britain's pain.
Shining and true they know no fear.
Closing for battle from far and near.
Fired with wrath for a challenged Peace.
Spitting a vengeance that wars shall cease.

BLUE for the truth in their hearts and lives.
In ships they wing through the lightening skies.
The earth shall tremble, its foes shall scream.
In a vengeance God has never seen.
And clear to the skies these men ride through.
Rings the cry of our debt to the lads in blue.

—Margaret Brown.

THE AIRMAN'S POST

Published Monthly at R.C.A.F. No. 2 Manning Depot
Brandon, Manitoba

Editor-in-Chief Robert Tyre, Cpl.
Advertising Manager C. L. Walton, F/O
Circulation Manager J. R. Hillhouse, F/O

Printed by The Sun Publishing Company Limited
24 Tenth Street, Brandon, Manitoba

Sulphur and Molasses

The season of new bonnets and quickening heartbeats is with us again. Spring as a herald of warm sunny days and mellow moonlit nights is the most welcome season of the year. It is also the season when courage and faith and hope rise again, shining and resolute from the ashes of yesterday's misfortunes and mistakes. Spring is a time to plan and prepare with confidence and daring; a time to march forward with firmness and fervor to the goal of ultimate final victory.

On the Eastern front the valorous Red Armies are massing to withstand and shatter a great new German spring offensive. In the Pacific area the United Nations are mustering their strength to deliver a great blow at the treacherous heart of Nippon. Spring is a clarion call to all the Democratic peoples of the earth to rise and gird themselves for a colossal effort in the cause of a free and decent world.

Spring's arrival at No. 2 Manning Depot is cause for some special rejoicing. It means the pleasant annual return to wedge caps, and serves notice that soon there will be eight brass buttons less to lavish care and concern upon when the greatcoats are laid by. But it means something more than that. It means that we are moving ever closer to that memorable hour when we will end our days as students in the Schools of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan and take our places in the ranks of those who have gone forward before us to throw their weight against the enemy.

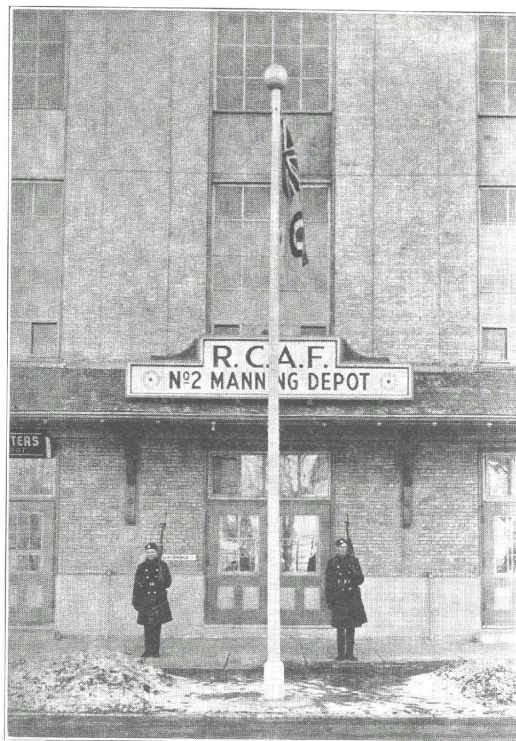
Spring is the voice of nature exhorting the green things of the earth to awaken and bloom again. The voice of Canada is calling too! Calling to you, and you, and you, to lend a few of those idle dollars for the purchase of National peace and security. War Savings Certificates are still the best investment on the market. Do something for yourself and your country and buy them regularly. Drop into the Pay Office and arrange to buy as many as you can afford month by month.

Here and there in the Post the influence of Spring can be detected in the breezy lilt of quality of some of our prose and poetry. Some of it indeed has all the swagger and dash of a young buck in a pair of new Easter knickers with a gal on his arm. In fact your Editor confesses

to a treacherous impulse to temporarily sabotage the Crest on the Post cover and replace it with the picture of a comely young thing Easter parading in one of those colorful Spring ensembles. But prudence prevailed and the foul thought was regretfully filed away with other unfinished business. Yet don't be surprised if ye Editor throws discretion to the four winds one of these fine days and embellishes the cover with a picture of something slim and sweet and symmetrical in a scanty swim-suit.

—R. TYRE.

BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES



A Message From The Mayor

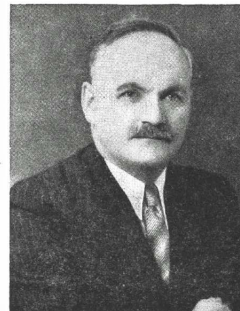
I appreciate the invitation to write a short Foreword for the Airmen's Post. This publication is a credit to the Editor and his staff and will be valued by Airmen and civilians alike.

The City of Brandon has become a garrison town during the past two years and during that time it has been my privilege to become closely associated with the branches of His Majesty's Forces located in Brandon.

Brandon fortunately was able to provide suitable quarters for the establishment of No. 2 Manning Depot in this City and I am pleased to know that Brandon in this way was able to become in such a large measure associated with the Canadian War Effort.

Since the Depot has been operating our citizens have endeavored to welcome the boys who start their career in the Royal Canadian Air Force in this Brandon Unit. I have received many messages from boys who have passed through the Brandon Manning Depot expressing their pleasure at the reception given them by our citizens. Our people appreciate the fine spirit of these splendid lads who, in the hour of the Empire's extremity, have offered their services, and their lives if need be, for the redemption of the freedom of the people of the Empire and of the world.

May I offer my congratulations to the station band. From a small begin-



MAYOR FRED H. YOUNG

ning the band has attained a high standard of performance and when the band is heard on parade playing stirring marches with fine volume and pleasing balance, it adds credit to the Unit to which it is attached.

The fine facilities provided for the pleasure and recreation of the airmen have much to do with the initial training of the recruits and the provision of these facilities is reflected in the fine bearing and conduct of the men of this Station.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent and His Excellency the Governor General, the Earl of Athlone, both spoke in high praise of the station and its work in Brandon. They were both particularly interested in the drill and recreational grounds on 18th Street.

The ready co-operation of the Commanding Officer in national and civic enterprises at all times has been much appreciated by the City Council and citizens of Brandon.

I am honored to be invited to write this Foreword and I wish to express to Wing Commander Reid, the Officers and all ranks at No. 2 Manning Depot my earnest wish that the work done at this station will in a large measure be responsible for the ultimate defeat of the enemies of decency and freedom.

May I close with the hope that the large numbers of men who start their Air Force career in Brandon Manning Depot will live up to the glorious traditions of the Force to which they belong and that good fortune attend them in the days to come, and that they may achieve distinction in the Service.

—Mayor Fred H. Young.

FAIR ENOUGH

"I suppose," said a lady to a tram-car conductor, "if I pay the fare for my dog he will be treated the same as other passengers, and be allowed to occupy a seat?"

"Of course, madam," the conductor replied politely. "He will be treated the same as other passengers and can occupy a seat, provided he does not put his feet on it!"



Easter



HONORARY FLT.-LT. McGUIRE

The posting of Honorary Flight Lieutenant J. L. McGuire, Managing Editor of the Airman's Post from Brandon, Manitoba, to his home town, Sidney, Nova Scotia, is a cause of deep regret amongst each and all of the No. 2 "M" Depot personnel, as well as others, with whom he has worked and associated as R.C. Chaplain, for the past few months. During his sojourn in Brandon the Padre has made many friends and his particularly brilliant and engaging personality will be greatly missed at this Station. His interest in this Unit and in his own particular field of endeavour has been both genuine and constructive and he is revered and loved by everyone. He is especially noted for his kindness and his special effort in upholding those imperishable values of life which are indestructible by time or tide. The good wishes of No. 2 Manning Depot for his welfare and and happiness in the days to come, will follow him wherever he goes and our loss will be the gain of another corner of this British Commonwealth Air Training Scheme.

The writer has been closely associated with FLT./LT. McGuire for some time and will treasure among his most prized possessions an autographed copy of a book entitled "Oatcakes and Sulphur" written by FLT./LT. McGuire and published in 1928. The loss of this friend and associate is a personal one, a sentiment shared by many.

We wish him God-speed in his new posting and happiness in the months ahead in the mission he has undertaken.

—The Editor.

HUES

The color is Blue and there comes to you

A picture of cloudless sky
And the cheerful sound of a meadow-lark

With the Bluebells standing by.

The color is Green, and the fields
You have seen come trampling past
your eye;
And seen from a hill, the timberline
Goes back against the sky.

The color is Red, and the things you
have said

When passion made you sway,
Go marching into the sunset,
Turning it into grey.

This is enough to show you
That color is more than hue;
There is color in every little thought,
What color at heart are you?

—LAC Conrad Howard

Rt. Rev. W. W. H. Thomas, D.D., Bishop of Brandon

The Resurrection of Jesus Christ is by far the most important thing that ever happened. Upon it is built the whole Christian religion. Without it probably we should never have heard of the followers of Jesus of Nazareth; they would have gone down into the darkness engulfed with their Master in oblivion. It is no mere figure of speech to say that Christianity is built on an empty tomb. That is why Easter Day is the greatest in the whole year. St. Paul, perhaps the most brilliant mind there has ever been, saw quite clearly that everything depended upon this great truth and wrote, in one of his Epistles, that incomparable chapter on the Resurrection for all believers.

If this life is the only one, it simply does not make sense. Men who have believed that there was reason at the heart of things have searched for it and found it—that is the meaning of Science. Men who believed that there was beauty at the heart of things have searched for it and found it—that is the meaning of Art. Men who have believed that there was love at the heart of things have searched for it and found it—that is the meaning of Religion. Men who believe that there is life at the heart of death, and seek it, shall find it—that is the meaning of Faith. Faith is venture, high adventure, like a battle or a fight. Not blind venture, not gambling on pure chance, for reason plays its part. It is because my reason tells me that so great a thing as this world is, so great a wonder as this universe, with its million shining stars, must have a plan behind it, and a purpose at its heart—it is because reason has searched for truth and found it, that we believe there is life in death. God has set eternity in our hearts, He made us for Himself, and so our hearts are restless till they rest at last in Him.

There comes down the ages a story, the sublimest story in the world, of one who lived a perfect life on earth, declaring that the ultimate reality was eternal love, then threw Himself on death, and after death was able to convince men that He still lived, and to send them out prepared to die for a living Christ. And He has gone on sending them out ever since. This story meets our wishes and our thoughts; it reads like a story of the world, and we believe it is. At the heart of the story there is a Cross, a brutal cruel crime, and that is true to life. But the Cross is not the end, for behind it there is the conquest of the Cross, and the Resurrection to eternal life. And that we believe is also true to life. If He really died, and Good Friday was the end, then we must all die, and there is no purpose and no end; for if the best meant nothing, and death conquered Him, what chance have you and I? But the Resurrection confirms our reason and verifies the message of the mountains and the stars, bidding us believe that there is a purpose at the heart of things and a meaning in the world. The Resurrection is the abiding witness that faith and love and loyalty are invincible, that spiritual forces are supreme, and that nothing can destroy the power of Christ. The Lord is risen. Be of good courage.

HONEST HUNTER

The host, famous for his hunting exploits, was showing an awed guest his trophy room. As the visitor gazed in wonder at the array of heads and skins placed about the room, he noticed a large blank space on the wall.

"What is that blank space there?" he asked.

"Oh," replied the hunter, "that's a tiger I shot at and missed."

GORDON A. STOVEL

The April issue of the Airman's Post boasts as a special feature a very fine insert of Winston Churchill, made available to us through the interest and goodwill of the late Gordon A. Stovel, of the firm Stovel & Co., Winnipeg.

In the sudden death of Mr. Stovel the R.C.A.F. has lost one of its firmest and most interested friends. Whether the men in blue were Anzacs, R.A.F., or R.C.A.F., they always found a kindly welcome in the Stovel home. While his son, Burton, was in No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, the Stovels' at week-ends, were always 'at home' to the ACE's, friends who had called in to partake of the genial Stovel hospitality. Characteristic of Mr. Stovel were his efforts, on the Friday preceding his death, to untangle the immigration difficulties of six New Zealand airmen held at the border en route to Minneapolis.

Mr. Stovel had been keenly interested in the Tourist expansion of the Canadian West, and by means of skillful photography of, and pleasant commentary on places and scenes personally visited, he had become an authority on the West and had done much to lure the wandering vacationist to the West.

Our tribute to a successful business-man who found time for his home, his church, and his club, and our sincere sympathy to his family and friends.

OUR LECTURE PROGRAMME

That the dispensing of higher knowledge is not strictly confined to universities and colleges may be seen by a glance at some of the subject matter used in lectures given in recent weeks at No. 2 Manning Depot:

"This Precious Freedom," a talk by D. B. Moorhead.

"The Far Eastern Situation," by W. G. Strange.

"A Philosophy of our Day," by Rev. W. J. Allen.

"The Aftermath of 1918," by Prof. Morton.

"Operational Flying" by F/O Evans.

"Democracy," by Rev. S. J. Parsons.

"Pioneers of Aviation," by F/L Sherrett.

"Education in Germany," by D. S. Woods.

"Events Leading to the War," by Dr. P. C. Locke.

"China and the War," by Rev. Dr. Outerbridge.

"Literature and Freedom," by Dr. Pacey.

"Canada Our Country," by E. K. Williams, K.C.

"Roosevelt," by Rev. Geo. Goth.

"The Story of Air Armament" by F/O S. Whitaker.

"Economic History of the War," by Dean Westcott.

"Education in the R.C.A.F.," by F/O Robinson.

"Why Hitler," by H. McFadden.

"Rehabilitation," by Wilt Rumbell.



Front Row, Left to Right: VERY REV. O. J. McINERNEY, MAJOR JOYCE, REV. G. W. GOTH.
Back Row, Left to Right: F/L CAULFIELD, REV. G. R. EASTER, F/L McGUIRE, REV. E. D. ERREY, F/L MACLEAN.

Hands Across the Pacific

(By LAC O. M. Shroff)

The writer wishes to apologize for the dryness of the subject matter, but all of us are still slightly dazed after being pitch-forked into the heart of Canada. Nevertheless it is hoped that there will be something to interest the reader.

New Zealand at present is a country under arms and on a war footing. In order to disrupt civil life as little as possible, an Air Force volunteer after joining up and before entering camp does a preliminary education course in mathematics, wireless, general science, etc. On the completion of this course and on passing a test he is entitled to enter camp as an LAC. However, some time usually elapses after passing the test, before a man is called up and in this period, one can commence to put his civilian affairs in order, until the day when he is herded from the train to become an Air Force hack.

The chief purpose of the initial Training Wing is to fit a man for further work in Canada. The ground work comprises principally a revision of the work done before entering camp, together with additional work of a more advanced nature. More important still, however, is the training received in discipline and physical training. Camp life itself is very similar to that found here, except that our climate permits us open air conditions and the men live in tents. Discipline is good, due in large measure to one Sergeant Robertson (Robbie) a hundred and eighty pounds of bad language and good heart, with as much pep as a steam engine and an unimagined viciousness on occasion. Many men unaccustomed to being a unit, instead of an individual, find it difficult to knuckle down, but generally the new way of living soon takes hold.

In New Zealand all air crews pass through the Initial Training Wing and pilots can complete all their training, with the exception of operational work which is done overseas, in their own country. For observers, whose course is the longest, and W.A.G.S., whose course is the shortest, the goal after passing out is Canada.

On leaving camp, all men are granted embarkation leave, which is generally a frantic time of hasty calls, gallons of beer, daring dives into holy deadlock, fond farewells and all else that helps to make one's last few days full to the limit. In our case, we were uncertain of our future movements owing to the approaching Jap.

At last one eventful day, we received word to report at the place of embarkation and what a thrill for all of us, though not unmixed with regret when we thought of all we were leaving behind. In a few days we were all down at the train; the plat-



A GROUP OF THE BOYS FROM "DOWN UNDER"

form is a sea of baggage, young brothers, troops, sweethearts and all who have arrived to swell the crowd and burst into large pear-shaped tears as the train draws out. And then we are off—but not without a heartache. Believe us boys, this farewell business is not so easy when it comes to the point.

Arriving at the point of embarkation, more bustle as we pass from hand to hand receiving our final instructions. The boys are all keyed up and excited and as we still know nothing, speculation is brisk as to our ship, escort, etc. A few hours leave, a few more beers and we all assemble, still shrouded in mystery, to be marched to the ship. Everybody is cheerful. There is a hush as an officer appears. A few people are about. Down the street we go, left, right, left, right. A few hands are waved and then we go aboard.

A pleasant surprise awaits us. We find ourselves on a Dutch Liner under naval command and very well appointed with all the comforts of life. Our first meal soon after we get on board, is a perfect dream and we have visions of a continual succession of gastronomic delights on the voyage across. Our deck cabin and table stewards are Javanese boys, neat, quiet, clean and unobtrusive. They speak only a few words of English, but nevertheless we could not have better service. Needless to say, these boys were soon tagged with a nick-name, but our Ghandis, Gunga Dins and Yogis proved that they could take it.

The same night, completely blacked out, we stole out of the harbor—the pilot clambered down—the last few city lights faded from sight and we were away, afloat, alone, but with stout hearts, forward on our mission wherever it might lead. Not one of us but wished that one day, those same blue-grey hills might loom up out of the mist welcoming us back home.

It is difficult to write a great deal of interest about our actual voyage. After accustoming ourselves to shipboard routine, a program was organized which helped to while away the time. In the morning, all of us took exercise, a certain amount of

P.T., walking and deck tennis. During the afternoon various passengers, among whom were several naval and consular officials, gave us talks of interest. In addition, there was a good library on board, as well as a good piano, so that the time passed fairly rapidly. As the weather became hotter, conditions below decks were most oppressive and despite frequent baths and changes of clothing, it was impossible to keep cool. Many of the boys slept on deck beneath starlit tropical skies, but without the usual company associated with such balmy nights.

Throughout the trip, we had delicious meals, cooked and served in a different style to our own and our principal difficulty was to limit our appetites and waistlines and to get sufficient exercise. Our thanks are due to the passengers and crew for the excellent attention we received.

During the voyage little was divulged regarding route and destination and after our long trip without port of call we were thrilled to hear that American soil would shortly be sighted. On the following morning, everybody was early astir and great was the excitement as the shoreline of the U.S.A. came slowly into sight. Soon other signs of life were evident—patrol boats, planes and at last the pilot's cutter. Everybody was on deck and the lifeboats and rear of the bridge were crowded with eager faces as we slowly entered port. For the boys it was a great moment. We had arrived! and for our skipper too, an anxious trip with a valuable cargo (not ourselves) had been safely completed.

After the usual port formalities had been completed, we disembarked and were met by a Canadian officer who was to accompany us on our travels. It is difficult to condense into a few words our impressions of America. Short leave periods were granted to us in two American cities on the way north and in both cities we were greeted with the utmost friendliness and received the greatest kindness. On the train we passed some delightful scenery on the way to Vancouver and everyone of the train crew did their best for us.

In Vancouver we were met by Canadian Officers and one or two New Zealanders and a number of further formalities were completed. Again we had a brief period of leave, but had to confine ourselves to city streets for lack of time. Many of us were disappointed in Vancouver, but realized we saw it under adverse conditions and that we did not see the best parts. Our long journey to the heart of Canada commenced that same evening; the morning saw us with snow all about and to many of us who had never touched it before, the stations provided frequent opportunities for snowballing and petting the local inhabitants who generally gave better than they got. This was by far the most pleasant portion of our trip. Our long journey across the prairies was interesting for awhile, but soon became monotonous. All of us would like to see this country in the spring as when we passed through it was very different from the green rolling country-side of New Zealand. After four days and nights in the train, we finally arrived, a tired lot of chaps, or as the Canadians would say 'bunch of fellows.' Our buses took us right to the door and after a visit to the M.O. and equipment store, all of us enjoyed a good meal, a glorious hot shower and a well-earned rest.

Barrack room conditions are different from anything we have had before but it did not take long to get into the running, though we still find the heated air inside very enervating. Most of us find the cold mild and bracing and enjoy our marches outside apart from our penchant for making skid turns on every available occasion. The Brandon boys themselves have been quick to fraternize and help us along.

In conclusion we would like to thank all associated with us for their kindness and help on all occasions, particularly Flt. Sgt. Hutton and Cpl. Barnes. On two occasions we have had lectures from Officers of the R.C.A.F. and these talks went right to the hearts of our men, gave us the right start on things and told us about the job to be done. A man is appreciated by men in all countries and all of us feel that with this type of Officer to guide us and with the ever ready help we have always experienced, we will do our job to the best that is in us. So, goodbye, Brandon, and thanks for the lift along the road.

DAINGEROUS FOOD

He was enlarging on the danger of modern foods, and with a dramatic gesture he pointed an emphatic finger at a rather harassed looking and in-offensive listener and demanded:

"What is it? We all eat it some time or other, yet it's the worst thing in the world for us. What is it, I say? Do you know?"

It appeared that the little man did know, for he replied in a husky whisper: "Wedding cake!"



THE SHOOTING OF AC2 SHOTT

By Don Golden

It was winter. The hard frozen ground was covered with a deep blanket of fresh white snow which gleamed and glistened in the strong sunlight. The wind was howling and whistling through the windows, giving an eerie setting to the shooting of AC2 Shott.

He wasn't the first to be shot, as there had been many before him; and there would be many more after him. Still it wasn't a pleasant thought when you knew that your turn had come.

The waiting was what gave him that feeling, that indescribable feeling of a man who is about to be shot. He was to have faced the gun twice before, but each time his shooting had been postponed. Why, he didn't know, but at last they were ready for him.

And now as Shott walked up to the room for the third and final time he felt a bit shaky in the legs, but he wasn't scared. No, why should he be, and with that thought he pulled himself together and walked boldly into the chamber.

Two stalwart men took hold of Shott as he entered and his number was straightened on his chest. He was placed squarely against the wall and then it was that he noticed the gun in front of him.

He was looking directly into the barrel and for the first time he showed signs of fear. His eyes took on a glazed expression and he prayed that they might blindfold him. But it was no use. All had faced the gun.

The corporal in charge had a stern look on his face as he raised his hand for the signal. There was a click and a blinding flash.

AC2 Shott had finally had a picture taken for his identification card.

CLEAR SAILING

Five-year-old William had been taught that Sunday is not a day for play, but one of rest. Naturally his mother was surprised and shocked one Sunday morning to find him sailing his toy boat in the bathtub.

"William! Don't you know it is wicked to sail boats on Sunday?" she demanded.

"Don't get excited, mother," replied William calmly. "This isn't a pleasure trip. This is a missionary boat going to Africa."

SLIP-STREAM-LINES

"Breezy Bits from the Barracks"

BROCKINGTON STORY
ABOUT YORKSHIREMAN

Something of the secret of the British resistance to the Nazis was revealed by Leonard W. Brockington, K.C., at a Canadian Club dinner. Mr. Brockington related a story told to him by J. B. Priestley about a phlegmatic Yorkshireman.

Somebody had said to the Yorkshireman: "You don't seem to be bothering about an air raid, Bill." He replied why should he. "They've got to get out of Germany first 'aven't they? Then they've got to get over the North Sea 'aven't they? Then they've got to find the bridge 'aven't they? Then they've got to go to the east end of the bridge 'aven't they? And then they've got to find Gladstone Road 'aven't they? And then they've got to find No. 10 Gladstone Road 'aven't they? When they get to No. 10 Gladstone Road I won't be there; I'll be down at the Red Lion 'avin' a 'couple'."



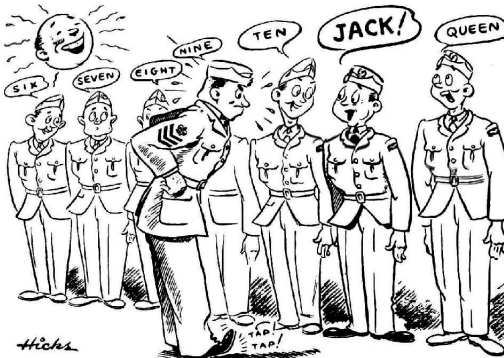
CEILING UNLIMITED

CRAWLER

Hitler stamped into Goering's office in a towering rage.

"What's the idea of having a tortoise on your floor?"

"Why, that's no tortoise," replied Goering. "That's Goebbels wearing his tin hat!"



"NUMBERING FROM THE RIGHT!!"

ALWAYS SOMETHING

A farmer, visiting his son's college and wandering into the chemistry class, saw some students experimenting.

"What are you trying to do?" he asked.

"We're endeavoring," replied one of the students, "to discover or invent a universal solvent."

"What's that?"

"A liquid that will dissolve anything."

"That's a great idea," agreed the farmer. "When you find it, what are you going to keep it in?"

TRUE FOR YOU

"And what is a synonym, Willie?" asked the teacher.

"A synonym," said Willie, "is a word that you use when you can't spell the other one."

Here is a letter that a man once wrote in exuberant thanksgiving for a present:

"How extremely kind of you to send me that case of whiskey. I have never tasted such marvellous whiskey in my life. I have never tasted such marvellous whiskey and I keep tasting it."

"The whiskey you sent me is marvellous. I keep tasting it, and how kind of you to send this wondrous whiskey which I keep tashing."

"It's really mosh kind of you to keep sending me thish whiskey in cases which I keep tashing and tashing hie doc dickery dock."

"What kind wishky ole man how ex thash extremely marvelous to tash you greatt fine ud thatthank you ole for extraetra estrem whwhaisky in inain caschase 6o&&xXXX kisses (4½yo*o C H eeRI oo OO00 \$%½@g"

Manus O'Neill in The Standard.

NOTES ON MODERN AIRPLANE
TRAVELHollywood Edition, or
According to Grade-B Films

Airplane. A huge flying vehicle which has two wings, four motors and a door leading from the passengers' quarters into the cockpit. This door can be opened by pointing revolvers at people who try to prevent it—a feat which is invariably achieved within a half hour after the take-off.

Crew. The crew of a modern passenger plane consists of a pilot who sits in the right seat, a pilot who sits in the left seat, and a dazzlingly beautiful hostess who is being wooed by both pilots. Although she has never been at the controls of a plane in her life, she is perfectly capable of landing it safely on a mountainside in a heavy fog—which will be necessary when both pilots have been slugged by desperadoes.

Flying Weather. Peasoup fog, hurricanes, monsoons, typhoons, ice storms, sleet, hail, snow or rain, all of which conditions obtain exactly four minutes after the plane has taken off into an absolutely cloudless sky.

Passengers. Passengers on an up-to-date air liner consist of (A) two gangsters who intend to rob the plane of valuable mail, (B) two gangsters who intend to kidnap gangsters A and hold them for ransom, (C) two more gangsters who intend to croak both gangsters A and B because they are mad at them, (D) a disreputable-looking, suspicious-acting character who turns out to be the detective who arrests all the gangsters, (E) a timid, shy, mousy little man who gets off some swell gags, and (F) an elderly married couple, who, out of sheer whimsey, are on the plane simply because they want to get to the place where the plane is supposed to go.

Geographical Note: The U.S.A. consists solely of two huge mountain ranges—the Rockies and the Alleghenies. In between there is a small, level spot where it is possible to land a passenger plane—if the pilot is lucky enough to find it.

—Parke Cummings.

ANNOYING

Private Jones had been in the Army a week when the sergeant asked: "What do you think of the Army so far?"

"I may like it after a while," replied Jones, "but just now I think there's too much drilling and fussing about between meals."

JUMP-OFF FOR BRITAIN

From The Reader's Digest

There's a spot in the windy wastes of Newfoundland the name of which is known to very few, but it's one of the most important places in the world—and one of the most exciting.

Yesterday an uninhabited wilderness of spruce and swamp, it is today the world's biggest airport, and growing bigger with the labor of thousands of men working day and night. It swarms with aerial traffic. Scores of bombers arrive and take off for Britain every week. It's the great junction and forwarding point for transatlantic passengers and freight. And it is perhaps the most vital point in the outer defenses of this hemisphere.

For an hour before I arrived there, in a Lockheed-Hudson bomber, I had been sweating steadily in the palms of my hands. After sighting Newfoundland from high over the blue waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, we had run into a solid bank of fog.

By now we should be over the airport. The pilot, an air veteran from Texas, couldn't be sure because no radio beam is allowed. We made one or two tentative dips down through the gray soup. No land. Then we turned tail and ran north toward the ocean to get our bearings, coming out suddenly into the clear at a bay some 40 miles away. Back we went toward the airport, keeping just under the ceiling. It seemed as if we'd scrape our bottom on the tops of the trees. I kept rising in my seat, trying to lift the plane a little higher.

I was glad to see that airport.

Coming onto the field by air you are bewildered by its immensity. Runways are so wide that an ordinary plane could land or take off crosswise. When you strain your eyes across the expanse you see a mirage against the far horizon. It's a half day's brisk walk around the field, past countless hangars and shops and barracks.

Switch engines shift long strings of boxcars, and crews unload mounting piles of lumber and steel, crates and drums. Steam shovels scoop out great pits in the raw earth. Riveting machines hammer on every side. Now and then a blast goes off and you see a geyser of smoke and rock thrown high in the air. There is a constant overtone of airplane motors tuning up. Most thrilling of all is the breath-catching crescendo of a bomber as it starts down the runway on the long, lonely road to Britain.

That night I met some of the men who fly the big ships across. For several days bad weather had been reported from Q. M., the secret airport in the United Kingdom where the bombers land, and a score of fliers were waiting at the Newfoundland field, sitting around the rough tables of East-Bound Inn.

These are not daredevil youngsters. There are plenty of gray hairs, and every pilot has had thousands of fly-

ing hours. They have come from transcontinental lines in the United States, from Imperial Airways in Britain, from Trans-Canada Air Lines. You hear tales of the early days of the Southampton-to-Singapore run, of being forced down in the desert and hiding in the dunes from tribesmen; of landing mountaineering parties on inaccessible Alaskan glaciers and keeping them supplied by parachute; of ferrying freight into Amazon jungles.

On this transatlantic job the pilots have settled down to routine. It takes nine to ten hours to cross, and when the weather is good they maintain a schedule as regular as those of ferryboats. Each pilot is given a flight plan, telling him his course, what height to reach at each point, what weather to expect.

The weather man is really the pilots' hero. They say there has never been anything like his work. He tells you: "In Zone 5 at 6 o'clock there will be ceiling at 2000 feet, top of cloud at 6000, moderate icing at 5000, tail wind of 40 miles per hour, veering shortly to north." You get there and that's exactly what it is.

Sometimes they fly at 15,000 feet or higher. It's 50 below zero up there but the heated planes are comfortable. Insidious, though, is the effect of altitude: you fail to recognize at first the dreamy, don't-care feeling, as the higher centers of the brain gradually cease functioning, and you may wait too long before attaching the oxygen tube.

One pilot, flying at 20,000 to avoid icing—the air is dry up there—had to detach his tube and go back to help a passenger. When he returned to his seat he couldn't readjust the tube. It's a simple operation, but the tube in his hand would approach the socket—and waver away. While this went on they were slipping down toward the dangerous icing level. Finally the navigator realized what was wrong and came to the rescue.

Pilots don't see much of the ocean. Most of the flight is above unbroken clouds, an Arctic landscape of white hills and valleys. On its surface, far below, the tiny black shadow of the plane drives along.

Sometimes that glacial surface is torn apart. Then they may see a big convoy crawling along. One pilot saw the last plunge of a torpedoed merchantman, its stern rearing high. Men were struggling in the water, with no lifeboats, but there was nothing the pilot could do.

In the last hours they begin to slide down toward the land, a faint dark smudge on the horizon. There the pilot and his crew search the skies for intercepting Germans. Not so anxiously now, however, as when the bomber-ferry service first started. In all the hundreds of crossings, only one or two pilots have sighted a German.

The landing field at Q. M. is so ingeniously camouflaged that even the keenest-eyed German observer could hardly recognize it as an air-drome. It doesn't look like a spot where you could make even an emergency landing. There's no fuss about the arrival. Pilot and crew may get a few days' leave—London if they're lucky. Or within 12 hours they may be on their way back by ferry plane.

The pay is high: pilots get a minimum of \$1000 a month, with a bonus for each trip above two trips a month. Some earn more than \$25,000 in a year. Navigators and radio operators earn about two-thirds as much as a pilot.

These fliers deny with short and profane words that they are engaged in a glamorous, adventurous job. It's routine flying, they assert, and rather dull at that. They mean it, but it isn't so. Two thousand miles of empty ocean is not a routine flying job—not yet. The worst hazard is the take-off, when the plane has its staggering load of gasoline.

One night at East-Bound Inn a pilot came in with the news that a returning ferry plane had cracked up on the take-off at Q. M. The 22 men in it had been killed. Every man present had good friends on that plane, some of those killed had sat at the same table two nights before. The talk stopped a few seconds, then resumed. The conversation was of other things.

Accidents never interrupt the flow of traffic east. I was in the control tower watching a line of Hudson bombers take off, one every five minutes. As the fifth got halfway up the runway, it swerved slightly, then there was a violent swing and it came around in a ground loop. The undercarriage collapsed, one wing sagged. It couldn't have been two seconds before it blazed up, a great bloom of orange flame. Three figures dived out through a door in the tail.

With sirens screaming, the fire trucks were on the field. While the flames were still burning, two tractors raced out and yanked the big plane off the runway. Ten minutes later the next bomber had taken off and was on its way.

Here as nowhere else you can see how fast space and time are shrinking. You see the big transports come in, the Consolidated B-24's, as large as the ships of Columbus. They converge from points on the American continent, stop to refuel, wing on across the ocean, carrying many a passenger from Washington to Lon-

don within 24 hours. At your breakfast in East-Bound Inn you can choose between the New York Times and the London Times of the day before. It's all as casual as travel between New York and Chicago.

This air center is also a shipping point for urgently needed plane parts, vitamin concentrates, precision instruments, laboratory materials. One plane carried 200 bull-frogs to aid in studying the effects of poison gas.

In this bleak, inhospitable land, snow falls through June and starts again in September, piling up 20-foot drifts along the runways. Always the wind blows, in gales and gusty squalls. Fog lies heavy.

The houses and shacks in the settlement are hammered together from rough timber. The unpaved streets are deep in sticky mud. There are scores of camouflaged pits where anti-aircraft guns thrust muzzles toward the sky. You can't walk far without being challenged by sentries.

The bulk of the population consists of laborers, superintendents and foremen, mechanics and engineers, troops who garrison the post, Newfoundland Rangers who police it. Feminine influence is lacking. It's a he-man place, without the amenities of life.

Yet there are few spots on earth where more big names are registered. In the short time I was there Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Halifax, a Roosevelt and a royal duke were seen about the East-Bound Inn. Harry Hopkins had been through a few days before.

When the war is over, airmen say, this will be the chief junction and forwarding point for transatlantic traffic. Bermuda and the Azores will be used, too, but this northern route is the shortest between the important centers of America and Europe. No matter how long a range planes may have, they will carry a bigger payload across the Atlantic if they stop here to refuel, a third of the way over.

Then East-Bound Inn will be an affair of 1000 rooms, and will probably preserve as a show place the present room where the pilots gather. The mud will disappear, the raw earth will be landscaped. There'll be school-teachers and bank clerks on their way to Europe for vacation trips, business men from Chicago or Prague. This will be the most cosmopolitan spot on earth, where all nationalities will meet and pass.

Teacher: "How old would a person be who was born in 1890?"

Smart Kid: "Man or Woman?"

Wait!

TILL YOU SEE OUR MODERN RESTAURANT

It is being renovated now and it will be the

SMARTEST PLACE IN TOWN

GOLDEN GATE CAFE

735 Rosser Ave. Phone 4460

Be Wise—Buy

FRY'S
Batteries and
Spark Plugs

CONTINENTAL
AUTO SUPPLY
LIMITED



F/O RICKARD

A few months ago a young LAC who had ceased training as a wireless air-gunner arrived at No. 2 Manning Depot to await what fate had in store for him at the hands of the Reselection Board. Somewhat discouraged about the future this young man came up to see the Editor of the Airmen's Post and offered his services as a cartoonist. Needless to say the offer was received with open arms, and as a result the Airmen's Post was enriched by the appearance of some first class cartoons.

Today this young man is Flying Officer Rickard, Chief Cartoonist for the Royal Canadian Air Force. And if that isn't a success story, then we've never heard one. On page 17 we reprint one of Flying Officer Rickard's cartoons which appeared in the June, 1941 issue of the Airmen's Post.

FAIR EXHIBITOR: FLYING AT 63

Among the most colorful exhibitors at the Saskatoon Industrial Exhibition is 63-year-old Gus Yaeger, the flying furrier of Brandon. If all Canadians showed the same aptitude and interest in the handling of an airplane as does Mr. Yaeger, the Royal Canadian Air Force and sister organizations of the nations of the British Commonwealth would have more air-men than planes to pit against the Nazi Luftwaffe.

Mr. Yaeger was never in a plane until he reached the age of 60. His first trip under the watchful eye of an instructor took place on June 15, 1939, and by September he had qualified for his pilot's permit.

When things became hot over Britain in autumn 1940, after Field Marshal Goering's fliers unsuccessfully attempted to subdue the Royal Air Force by sheer power in numbers, Mr. Yaeger tried to get a berth in the R.C.A.F. but officials were forced to inform him regretfully that 63 is 63, and nothing could be done about it.

An airplane, the flying furrier maintains, "is much easier to handle than an 'ornery' ox or a temperamental woman."

With the air force out, his ambition now is to be placed in command of a submarine.

An Ace Is Born

The Post's Short Story

BY ROBERT TYRE

Down on the little farm in Southern Manitoba, where he had been born and raised, Gerry Adams had become proficient in the use of firearms at an age when most kids are playing with kites and marbles. At fourteen his skill with a rifle was a by-word in the district, and the city men who came out each fall to stalk the deer and moose declared that the boy had more gun-sense than most of the old-timers who had followed the hunting trails for years. In his seventeenth year Gerry had acquired a skill with firearms that seemed almost uncanny to those who had watched him in action. His eye sighting down a gun-barrel and the pressure of his finger on a trigger had all the legendary precision and accuracy of a Daniel Boone or a Wild Bill Cody. And it was a world peopled by buckskin heroes and copper-skinned enemies that the boy's mind conjured up when he traveled the forest trails with his rifle in his hand frontier fashion, and his eyes alert for a lurking Apache or a war-party of Iroquois. If Time could have been persuaded to turn back the years Gerry would gladly have exchanged his present existence for the wild, swashbuckling days of the early west.

He lived, regretting that he had been born too late to savor the hazards and dangers of an era when the law of the gun was the only voice of authority, and sudden death its grim deputy. But the boy need not have sighed for a day and a way of life that he thought had vanished forever. For Destiny had already selected him to play a part in a drama that would go down in history as the grimmest and bloodiest conflict of all time. Even now, as he trod the peaceful woodlands with his rifle, the black thunder-clouds of war were gathering ominously on the political skies of Europe.

Mrs. Adams had always frowned on Gerry's fondness for firearms, and sometimes she darkly prophesied that the boy would turn into a gangster or something equally as bad. But Gerry's father was proud of his son's marksmanship, and encouraged it, believing that the boy's pleasure in hunting and shooting would make him more content to stay on the farm. But they were both wrong. In Europe the soft, fragile petals of political appeasement were suddenly blasted by the hot, withering breath of Mars. War had come. And one day soon after Gerry Adams stood in a long line that stretched to the door of an R.C.A.F. recruiting station. The first step in his consuming desire to sit behind a machine-gun in the cockpit of a Spitfire...

A still white emptiness stretched before his watchful eyes; a void of quiet, untrammelled space that gave



no hint of the swift deadly menace that might lurk behind a fleecy cloud, or pounce suddenly from the dazzling nimbus of the midday sun. But Gerry Adams had no illusions about that peaceful vista which spread so reassuringly before his vision. Instinct warned him that enemy aircraft were not far away, but his nerves were steady, and his eyes never wavered as he waited for the supreme test of his marksmanship and flying skill. The years he had wandered the hunting trails with his rifle would now stand him in good stead when that moment of deadly peril arrived on the swift, sinister wings of a Messerschmitt or Heinkel.

One moment the sky was an empty, desolate waste of nothingness and in the next split second it was vibrating with the grim challenge of an enemy aircraft. But the hand that had carried the rifle on the prairie trails of Manitoba never faltered, and the eye that had squinted so unerringly down the sights of a .303 in those halcyon days on the farm had lost none of its accuracy. A finger gently pressed a trigger and the enemy craft was suddenly blotted out in a flash of red. Gerry Adams had made his first kill. Exultantly he waited for the next challenge, and it was not long in coming. One by one, like so many moving images projected on a screen, the enemy planes flew into his sights, and one by one Gerry Adams blasted them into oblivion with that gentle pressure on the trigger of his deadly gun. Then, just as suddenly as they had come, the sky was clear again of enemy aircraft. And, incredibly, Gerry had counted twenty-nine planes destroyed out of a possible thirty. An Ace had been born!

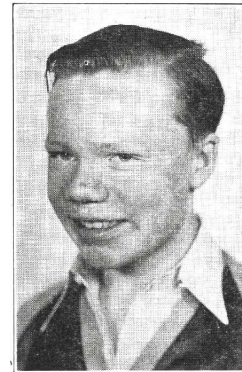
"But I can do better than that!" Gerry muttered to himself. And eagerly he reached for another coin to insert in the slot of the Canteen Gun-machine.

Rastus: "Brother President, we needs a cuspidor."

President of the Eight-Ball Club: "That's a good idea. I appoints Brother Brown as cuspidor."

Welcome
R.C.A.F. to the
MILK BAR CAFE

149 Tenth St. Brandon



FRECKLES

Do you know this cheerful, freckled countenance? You should. It belongs to John Charles Falconer No. 2 Manning Depot's genial, energetic purveyor of the daily newspaper, Freckles as most of us know him by, has been around this station ever since it opened and that cheerful grin and happy disposition has won him a host of friends and customers at No. 2 Manning Depot.

Freckles is sixteen years of age, and he's looking forward to the day when he can start wearing Air Force blue and begin his training as a pilot. When that day comes Freckles should feel quite at home in No. 2 Manning Depot. Freckles has a brother overseas with an Anti-Aircraft Battalion, and two younger brothers at home. Good luck to you, Freckles, and more power to that sunny smile of yours.

TOPS IN
ENTERTAINMENT
at
THE CAPITOL
THE OAK

Brandon's Independent Theatres
EIGHTH STREET
Admission at Popular Prices

"The forces which have plunged the world into war, however strong, cannot prevail against the indomitable strength, of free peoples fighting in a just cause."

—F. D. Roosevelt, in a cable to H.M. the King, December 12, 1941.

A warm welcome extended to all men in the services.

D. B. ROBERTS, Manager

GREETINGS TO THE
R.C.A.F.
From the
BRANDON
HARNESS CO.

130 - 10th PHONE 2148

SPORT IN THE FIRST GREAT WAR

(By Krug)

Two thousand fans were tense. It was the ninth inning of a sparkling ball game, featured by marvellous fielding, and little hitting. But now there were men on second and third, and a wiry shortstop had stepped up to the plate. A hit would send two runners across the plate. There was the crack of the bat, three runners were in motion, and two of them did cross the plate. The crowd went wild, for with that hit went the ball game and 3,000 francs.

The diamond, perfect in every detail, with its table-like infield and smooth outfield had been completed by the Engineers. And the background for the playing field was Ablain St. Nazaire, within the shadows of Vimy Ridge in 1918. It was just another baseball game in the extensive sports program which the military authorities promoted in the First Great War for the enjoyment of the troops on rest.

For in the last war, as in this one, the sports program was never forgotten. Crack athletes in civilian life found themselves drafted into star baseball teams, strong football elevens, hard checking lacrosse outfits, to say nothing of track and field events. The athletes took their training as they found it, but their performances in those sports gatherings back of the lines will never be forgotten by those who saw them.

There was pride in the play of every unit, and bundles of francs spoke eloquently every time clubs met. In fact some paymasters were known to make "advances" in the field just a bit ahead of the regular pay day so that there would be no shortage of cash for those who needed it.

Wartime conditions failed to dampen the ardor of the players. For instance in the game referred to at Ablain St. Nazaire, a lone German plane suddenly appeared over the field. He swooped low and 2,000 men dived for every bit of cover they could find. But "Jerry" was lost and was merely getting his bearings, for he turned amid a burst of anti-aircraft fire and disappeared in the direction of Vimy Ridge.

Canada's best athletes were in the last "show" and they provided many an enjoyable hour for weary soldiers who were on rest behind the lines. Particularly in the lengthy drawn out sports program leading up to the

Canadian corps sports event at Tinqués. Men who took their turn up the line, returned for brief periods to help their teams, and then went back to the front again. Athletes manned 18 pounders one night, and the following afternoon were ten "Kilos" back of the front line to pitch a ball game for the enjoyment of the men at rest. That same night the athletes were back at the guns again.

Elimination games were played for the baseball championship in 1918. Football squads met and decided their finalists. Athletes met in brigade meets until only the cream of the track and field performers were left. And then finalists met at Tinqués in as great a sports gathering as was ever staged even in peace time. Two weeks later many of the stars at this meet were battling the Germans in that great push which was the determining factor in the war, and which culminated with the Armistice in November that year.

There were no pros in the wartime sports program. No temperamental athletes and everyone played or fought for the love of it. It was healthy recreation, grand entertainment for the troops, and a great conditioner for the participants.

Sports has its place in the war effort, and Canada carries on in this conflict with another great recreational program. Better equipped, and with the experience of latter years to guide them, Canada's athletes will win new laurels in their soldier dress.

THE LAST BARK

I like the story about the ventriloquist who was in theatrical parlance "between engagements" — which means between meals, or broke.

But he was ingenious, and a fine ventriloquist. So he spent his last dollar to buy a little dog and with the dog under his arm he made for the nearest bar. Here he took the bartender aside and said, "I have nothing in the world but this talking dog of mine. Would you give me \$20 for him?"

The bartender was immediately on the defensive.

"Whaddya mean, a talking dog?"

The ventriloquist went into his act. Apparently from the mouth of the puppy came a shrill bark, and then, "Sure I talk! I could say plenty about the free lunch in this joint. It's terrible! I've been here before!"

The bartender scratched his head in amazement. The ventriloquist smiled tenderly at the dog, and entreated the bartender: "I hate to give him up, but I've got to have the dough. How about it?"

"Twenty dollars is too much even for a talking dog. Here's ten." And the bartender lifted his apron and dug into his pocket for the money.

Our ventriloquist was in no position to quibble. He grabbed the bill, mumbled, "Thanks, pal," and hastened out.

But as he reached the door, the animal shouted at him: "I'm only worth ten bucks, eh? Just for that I'll never say another word as long as I live!" And he didn't.

A ROVING YANK IN THE R.C.A.F.

(By Edmund Giambastini, Jr.)

A little of thisa N'thata....

Tex Lytton is sending home for his Taylor Cub so he can do a little flying on his own time....

Lou Massick, Omaha's representative, is in the Brandon General with an ailing leg. He candidly informs his fellow Americans that he smokes Luckies.

Yours truly spent a swell forty-eight on a farm in Newdale last weekend. And if you think the attraction was cows and chickens, you're wrong, chum.

DOTS AND DASHES....

Buzz Cronk, goalie of our victorious hockey six, writes to yours truly of the fine time he had on the 'team's tour of the Western cities. He also states he is getting homesick for Brandon....the prevaricator!

Where did Tom "Swiss Movement" Price get those cowboy Wellingtons? OFF THE RECORD INFO....

Yanks in the R.C.A.F. as Daily Routine Rumor would have it are going in training where the grass skirts sway in the balmy breezes. Hawaii, to you, boys....

What is so attractive about Mena's Dress Shoppe? Certainly not the women's apparel....ask Art De Lison....

Where does Airman Sauve spend his evenings? Why not ask him sometime....

The Yanks had a swell party last Friday Eve, and they tell Yours Truly that no one present was sober, and yet none were inebriated. Figure that one out....

Pilot Galler boasts he's the best ping-pong pusher in the Manning Depot. It's a challenge, fellows.... SIDE SLIPS....

Russ Jensen talks of a beautiful love back in the States. We wonder how many loves he has right here in Brandon?

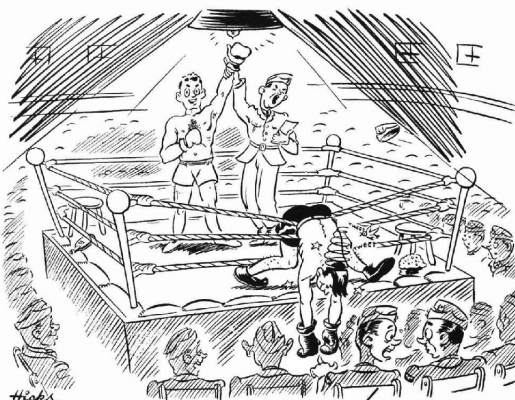
The Brandon girls go for Walker's red hair in a big way, along with his other assets.

SERIOUSLY SPEAKING....

The Americans in Canada training alongside their Canadian Brethren feel honored and deeply grateful to be given such a splendid opportunity to be flyers and soldiers in Canadian uniforms.

That's all for now, Yanks.

In Japan, young bamboo is cut up, cooked, and then eaten like asparagus.



"SMITH SAID HE'D GET A '48 HOUR //"
LEAVE OR DIE IN THE ATTEMPT. //"

A complete stock of
OFFICERS' AND AIRMEN'S
SHIRTS - TIES - SOCKS - GLOVES
and all accessories

Officers Raincoats and Summer Uniforms

Also complete made-to-measure service

GOODEN'S MEN'S SHOP

908 ROSSER AVE.

BRANDON

**Sheet Music, Records, Radios, Mouth
Organs and Other Musical
Instruments**

P. A. KENNEDY MUSIC CO. LTD.

Western Manitoba's Finest and Oldest Piano House

ROSSER AVE. & 7th ST.

PHONE 2880



THE DEPOT HOCKEY TEAM

A very successful skating and hockey season has just been completed at the Manning Depot. The hockey team, under the expert guidance of F/O Cockburn, went through the entire season without losing a game. They completed the Brandon inter-service schedule winning six straight games, and also won a number of exhibition games at Melita, Deloraine and Brandon.

One of the difficult problems F/O Cockburn had to contend with was the posting of men to other stations, necessitating a great number of changes in the personnel of the Manning six. During the season the following players were seen in the line-up: Paul Blais, Sgt. J. Woods, Art Howard, "Buzz" Cronk, "Fire" Parsons, Jack Thayer, "Mich" Pechet, Sgt. J. Van Brunt, Cpl. J. Ferguson, Cpl. M. Bricker, Alf Kunkel, George Snell, Cpl. M. Avern, Cpl. A. Brotherton, Art Nicol, "Ed" Durkin, Charles Weatherby, "Ossie" Warwick, Sgt. Draper, and "Red" Ablett.

In the latter part of the season a team composed of players from the different stations in the Brandon inter-service league entered the provincial intermediate hockey play-off. This team succeeded in capturing the Manitoba championship, but was eliminated by Port Arthur Pascols in the inter-provincial play-offs.

The success of No. 2 Manning Depot in its hockey ventures is due to the untiring efforts of two men, namely F/O Cockburn whose clever coaching won many a game, and Sgt. Torney the hard working secretary.

Besides showing so well in goals scored, the past season's hockey and skating at the Manning Depot showed other good results. It further developed the co-ordination of the minds and muscles of hundreds of airmen who participated in these sports, and offered good entertainment for hundreds of others.

Military Services Hockey League

	P	W	L	Pts
No. 2 "M" Depot.....	7	7	0	14
No. 12 S.F.T.S.....	7	3	4	6
Artillery.....	4	2	2	4
No. 19 E.F.T.S.....	5	2	3	4
No. 33 S.F.T.S.....	6	1	5	2

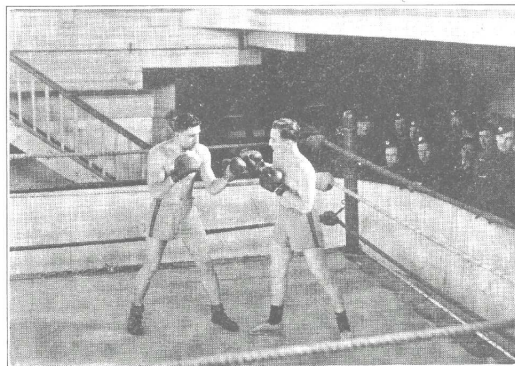
—Cpl. M. Avern

A party of tourists came upon an Indian brave riding a pony. A heavily burdened squaw walked beside him.

"Why doesn't the squaw ride?" asked the tourist.

"Ugh," said the Indian. "She's got no pony."

SPORT SPLASHES FROM THE POOL



CPL. STEINHAUER AND LAC BURLING IN THE RING

RIFLE REPORTS

"Whee, my first possible!" And thus another member of the Cessna Rifle Club announces his complete mastery of a temperamental rifle.

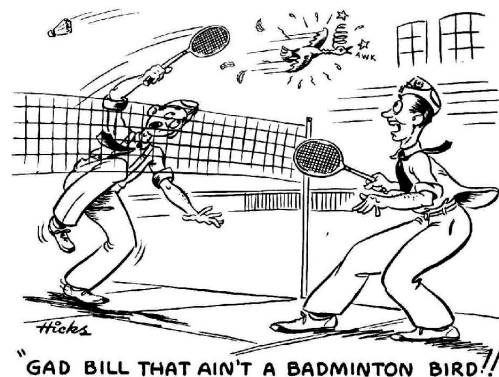
The staff of No. 2 "M" Depot and No. 12 S.F.T.S. formed the Cessna Rifle Club early in winter and began firing on the range in the basement under "A" Squadron, No. 12 S.F.T.S. were able to secure their own range and the No. 2 Manning Depot Rifle Club joined the Dominion Marksmen Sporting Rifle competitions.

To date 11 bronze, 4 silver, 2 gold, and 8 spoon awards have been turned in. A bronze award requires 5 targets scored 80 or over. A silver award requires 10 targets scored 83. Gold 10 scored 98. Spoon 10 scored 100. A

shield award requires 20 targets prone scored 100. 20 sitting scored 98, 20 standing scored 95. The Club hopes to have at least one shield before the close of the season.

On March 17th the Club visited No. 12 S.F.T.S. and took a four point for the second shoot on their home range March 24th. Six men fired, the highest 5 to count at the end of three targets each.

No. 2 Manning Depot: F/O McCombs, 299; F/S Garley, 300; Sgt. Girvan, 296; Sgt. Marsom, 300; AC2 Weston, 294; AC2 Sayer, 283; No. 12 S.F.T.S.: S/L Malcolm, 286; F/L Laing, 298; F/O Whitaker, 295; F/S Tyler, 297; Sgt. Shlakat, 295; Cpl. Jones, 300. Possible score 300.



"GAD BILL THAT AIN'T A BADMINTON BIRD!!"

DANCE

AT

The Esquire

Every

Monday, Wednesday,
Thursday, Friday,
Saturday

Roy Brown and his Band

The Imperial
Dance Gardens

Every

Tuesday Friday Saturday
Albert Johnson and his
Strings



BOXING AT No. 2 MANNING DEPOT

The rules governing military boxing are somewhat different from the rules that regulate the sport in civilian life. Men new in the service and civilian spectators are sometimes puzzled by this deviation from the orthodox. One very noticeable difference is the presence of the referee outside the ring, from which position he keeps a wary eye on the contestants and their actions in the ring.

The time immemorial custom of allowing spectators to shout their heads off at a civilian bout is frowned on in military boxing. Silence is requested to permit the contestants to hear any word spoken by the referee from his position outside the ring.

The purpose of boxing in military life is not to train men for pugilistic careers, but rather to condition them physically for their life in the Air Force, and to encourage sportsmanship. No man, of course, need take up boxing unless he so desires.

Since the opening of No. 2 Manning Depot a number of high class boxing shows have taken place in the Arena. Men from all over Canada and the United States have participated in these bouts, and many of these lads have displayed all the finesse and polish of the professionals. One such, recently lost to us when he was drafted, was AC2 Blanchard, Golden Glove Champion of Montreal during the years '38, '39, '40. However, our loss has been made up by the recent arrival of Alex Lindsay of Winnipeg, welter weight champion of Manitoba. Alex is also a rugby star, and played with the Winnipeg Blue Bombers.

Under the capable direction of competent instructors, boxing will continue to flourish at No. 2 Manning Depot and in the months that stretch ahead we may expect to see some interesting and exciting action in the square-circle. The sport is open to all, and a warm welcome is extended to any airman who would like to improve his technique or start from scratch. There's a pair of gloves waiting for you down at Sports Stores.

—Cpl. A. Steinhauer,
No. 2 Manning Depot

AT THE CAMP

Sergeant: "Did you sleep well on your cot? I'm afraid it was a little hard and uneven but—"

Conscript: "It was all right, sir. I got up now and then during the night and rested a little, you know."

PAY OFFICE PILLS

Sez the Observer as the parade of new recruits file into the Pay Office for documentation. Clean looking fellows, English, Irish, Scotch, Jews, and Americans, farmers' sons and University men, clerks and laborers all rubbing shoulders, the never-ending stream of boys and men from the land they call theirs, this immense Continent of Canada, from its rolling prairie and mountainous stretches they come, closing down the shutters on their old way of life, to enter upon a new wind-swept way, wheresoever it leads, swearing to defend the right, and die for home and liberty.

Slowly they file in, all ages, all classes, all kinds, twenty to thirty at a time, the tallest ones stooping to evade collision with a sloping roof looming overhead. They wait in turn on the long form provided until a clerk is ready.

"No smoking in here," comes a sharp reminder from the two stripes in charge. "Move down a little, you boys at the end."

"Your name, please, surname first?"

"Jones, William."

"Address?"

"Vancouver, B.C."

"Are you married?"

"No, I always look this way."

"Alright, next..."

"Name, please?"

"Smith, John."

"How far did you go in school?"

"About three miles."

"Take the door to the right and move along please."

"Next, name please?"

"Rosenbloom, Maxie."

"What other languages besides English do you speak?"

"French, Syrian, Polish and Hebrew."

"H'm" (this must be the piece that was left over from the League of Nations).

"Next, name please?" (H'm, not bad looking.)

"Brown, Clarence."

"Address?"

"LaFleche, Saskatchewan."

"Education?"

"High School, University, B.A., M.A. and B.Sc."

"State your profession or trade."

"Principal of high school for four years."

"Gracious! Wouldn't you like a commission?"

"Yes, but how do I get one?"

"Take your shopping bag over to the next counter—we deliver free."

And SO, the birth of a potential officer. This tide of Canada's Youth yields some rare treasure, if one only catches its glimmer amongst the raw material as hundreds and thousands wend their way past the typewriters, this vein of pure metal, eventually moulded into Canada's Flying Forces, on which we bank all our hopes and all our dreams.

—Margaret Brown.

BEHIND THE SCENES

The Orderly Room, I wonder who ever gave it such a title for if any place was less orderly its the "Orderly Room". It's the Manning Pool of the "M" Depot and any little thing nobody knows what to do with they put in here, this includes stenographers and N.C.O.'s.

In this room not a person ever heard of the word system and as no one yet has ever fathomed the workings of the Air Forces's master mind, the Training Command, they have long since given up trying to understand "Why" things are done, they accept, and follow the old motto, "Don't do as I do, do as I tell you."

You will be wondering what strange creatures operate this whirling cog in the machinery of administration at No. 2. Then set your mind at rest and I shall endeavour to give you a picture of each queer specimen and their habits of existence—none ever admit that they really live.

There is a blonde who sits by the filing cabinet and works very busily—about 2 hours a week on discharges, filling in the odd spare moment between waiting for medical boards, in writing to a fellow creature called "Mel" and regaling the others with excerpts from his messages which she received about every other day.

Next we have a brunette whose second name should be "Gestetner", we don't see so much of her as she commutes between the Equipment Section (I wonder why?) and a small enclosure near the Extract section. Up there she studies yet another tribe who dress in khaki. This seems to be very absorbing work and takes a lot of time.

In front of these two sit the D.R.O. people, these two saucy brunettes toil spasmodically but cover about the same amount of work each day. They are very harassed and annoyed (but they love it) by a group from a mad-house up above. These mostly all have odd stripes on their coats, come in all shapes and sizes, and are very very witty—(they think). Quite a number of these seem to be troubled with a tickling sensation under the nose which is known currently as "Cookie—duster" trouble.

There is also three of these strange striped fellows residing with us. One quite dark chap has three stripes and "Twonble with twains that won't wun on twacks wight." He amuses himself with a little black toy with a bell on it also, but sometimes gets quite annoyed with it and won't play anymore.

The second is an odd russet shade with another mark above his three stripes. He is usually on urgent business elsewhere but periodically gallops around the enclosure with an odd gleam in his eye and looking for a victim which he suddenly spies, whereupon he pounces, and with a sweet, shy smile says "Two copies please—in your spare time."

The third has the same markings as the second and he is always very busy. He nibbles away at a small round stick, suddenly makes a lot of queer marks on a piece of paper and then joyfully announces—a letter has been written.

Quite recently there has been an addition to the band, a rather lively, upsetting fellow with a mark quite low down on his arm. He had an unfortunate experience in which he lost some of his belongings but luckily he managed to save his most prized possession, a contraption in brown which he calls a lamp.

In this room also sits a very vital part of this great machine, he wears a band over his head and talks to a lot of little red and green lights on a board, they never answer him but he enjoys it so we leave him alone. Every once in a while he is relieved by another one and when this happens the lights turn into little red and green devils and rush around the board driving everyone dotty.

In front of this board sits a strange silent creature known as yours truly, she can be described in no definite shade, she's neutral. What goes on inside this ones head as she pecks away most of the day its hard to say, but we really don't think anything ever happens in a vacuum. With a frozen expression she watches the people outside who look in and wonder, about the strange assembly known as the Headquarters Orderly Room Staff.

P.S.—And this part of the intricate works is really a post-script. It is known as the C.R. Section and contains four of the more violent characters. Strange tales are told of these creatures and the chatter that goes on amongst them is most odd. A visiting dignitary overheard a profound discussion among them in which one said "What do you call the last three hairs on a dog's tail?" and when after much thought it could not be answered, he replied with this gem of knowledge "Dog hairs", whereat there were shrill cries from a small brunette and dignified silence from the other inmates.

P.S.S. Our lost battalion I mustn't forget. It consists of two small blondes alienated from the rest because of their own personal peculiarities. One is very fond of horses but I don't think the attraction is mutual, for this reason she sometimes joins her sister sufferer in C.R. for as that section is padded it is more comfortable after contact with a horse's back.

The other is related to some people called Cy-Clone I think for when she passes through our peaceful chamber everyone makes a mad scramble to sit on whatever they are occupied with and to steady our few sticks of furniture.

Cheerio—M.W.

Dr. Chargem: "My boy, I'm afraid your father will have to lose his right hand."

Son: "Gee, Doc, how son will be able to learn to sign checks with his left hand."

Dr. Chargem: "Just as soon as I can teach him."

LAMENT OF THE R.C.A.F.

Aren't we the smartest outfit
Look at our splendid men.
We're big and tough, and if that's not
enough.

We know how to push a pen.
Push a pen on soldiers' files
And sit around till we're bored.
Ah! he was a very wise man who
said:

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

Look at the rest of the army
With their cushey parades and drill
And their physical jerks, while us
poor clerks

Have to do ours sitting still.
Sitting still and pushing a pen
In the same heavy boots as they wear
To swagger along on a route march...
We're forced to rest ours on a chair.

No soothing toot of a bugle
Awakes us in the morn
We get quite a shock—from a cheap
alarm clock

Which tells us a new day is born.
And while our coffee is perking
We turn on the radio
To keep up-to-date on the war news.
We're on active service you know!

We have a few Vets in our outfit
And really to know them's not nice;
They boast and bluff of old Army
stuff

And horrid things, such as lice.
The rum they got in the last war
Must have gone to their head
For they talk of their raiding parties
So they must have been "swinging
the lead."

We really should get compensation
For all the things we are missing
Such as an ocean trip on a nice big
ship
And the bliss of an English girl's
kissing.

All we get is the pause that refreshes
But we have to pay for our "Cokes"
While our army in Merry Old Eng-
land,
They seldom pay for their smokes.

Maybe when this war is over
Justice will surely be done
We'll fall in with the rest, and on
our chest

We'll show the medals we won.
And if our children should ask us
"What did you do Daddy dear?"
We'll open our hands and show them
The scars that the pen-nibs left there,
(Tormentus)

Friend—"How was your son-in-law
looking when you last saw him?"
Father-in-law—"Straight down the
barrel!"

An English hostess, when serving
wine, remarked to one gentleman: "I
should not be offering you wine. You
are the head of the Temperance Le-
gue."

"Oh, no," he replied, "I am the head
of the Vice League."

"Well," said she, "I knew there was
something I should not offer you."

FROM NAZI GREEN TO AIR FORCE BLUE

"If Day" in Winnipeg
By AC2 D. A. Ritchie

At the outset, I should point out that my title does not necessarily suggest laxity on the part of the Winnipeg Recruiting Centre in accepting two Nazi hoodlums as aircrew in the R.C.A.F. It was just co-incidental that we paraded one week in the eyes of the Winnipeg Public in full Nazi array and one week later checked in at No. 2 Manning Depot and donned the Air Force 'blues'.

On Thursday, or "If Day", the City of Winnipeg was invaded in the early morning hours and was occupied for a full day by "German" troops. Our demonstration included the arrest of Mayor Queen and several aldermen at the City Hall, the burning of Canadian literature and books at the Carnegie Public Library, the invasion of The Great West Life Cafeteria, the arrest of His Honour Lieutenant Governor R. F. McWilliams and Premier John Bracken and his entire cabinet. St. Mary's School was entered by several soldiers and an officer, who broke up a typical Canadian classroom scene, arrested the men in charge and draped a swastika flag over the teacher's desk. All afternoon we paraded downtown Winnipeg, first in Bren Gun carriers and later in small groups, jostling the public, entering establishments where we helped ourselves to small articles such as fruit, candies, etc., and made ourselves generally officious.

The most interesting scenes of activity were All Saints Church where the Minister was arrested and a large placard placed on the door. Selkirk represented a typical rural town under conquest by Nazi armies. Lower Fort Garry served well as "Gestapo" Headquarters and the site of a probable concentration camp.

The two-day demonstration might be laughed off as a bit of a farce by some individuals, but I sincerely hope they are in the minority. Too many of us are prone to ignore the seriousness of the situation today and if practical publicity stunts such as I have described will help tear down this barrier of indifference to facts, then by all means they should be promoted.

The parting thought I leave with you, is a direct challenge to your imagination and your 'will to win'. What would happen to this continent if Germany invaded us tomorrow?



—Picture Winnipeg Tribune.

THE "NAZIS" INVADE WINNIPEG



Pictures by R. M. Coleman

"IF" DAY IN BRANDON



MAJOR YOUNG AND TWO ATTRACTIVE CITIZENS IN THE PICTURE ABOVE GET AN IDEA OF WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THE ENEMY INVADED CANADA.

Brazil has more than a thousand varieties of orchids, and these exotic plants can be seen growing wild in trees in and near Rio de Janeiro, the capital. The flowering season extends from October to February, and it makes a most beautiful picture.

Flat paint should not be used on kitchen walls; it catches and holds dirt and grease and is difficult to clean. Therefore, finish the walls with a good quality enamel or with wall-cloth, after first having removed all grease and dirt.

STRAND

Famous Players Theatre
4 DAYS STARTING
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1st
The Royal Canadian Air Force
Winging Its Way to Glory in
"CAPTAINS OF
THE CLOUDS"
with
JAMES CAGNEY
BRENDA MARSHALL
DENNIS MORGAN

35c Pressing 35c
With our Sta-Press System
the crease lasts twice
as long.
Air Force Supplies and
Alterations.
**HENDERSON,
Tailor**
Phone 4196 129 - 9th St.

GREETINGS TO THE
R.C.A.F.
**Monarch
Lumber Co. Ltd.**
BUILDERS' SUPPLIES
COAL, WOOD
Phone 4225 2nd and Rosser

LANDING FIELD

A little windsock with its podded
sides
Tugging against the currents of
the air;
A runway facing up against the sun,
Color and life and movement every-
where.
Gay lads in blue who dare the vaulted
skies,
Songs on their lips and laughter in
their eyes.

There is a whirr of swift propeller
blades,
A face above the cockpit flushed
and gay;
A lifted hand, the slamming of a door,
A little rushing wind and he's away,
Gaining his altitude with splendid
ease,
Like a great bird circling above the
trees.

Whence comes this breed of men, this
splendid race,
Knights of the arching skies, these
sons of ours?
At home amid the clouds, they ride
aloft
Counting a life-span by their flying
hours;
A shining speck above earth's weary
trails,
Charting the skies on flashing silver
sails.

—Edna Jaques, in
MacLean's Magazine.

FIRE!

The wife of an artillery sergeant went out shopping one day, leaving her husband in the armchair before a large fire in the stove, his pipe going well and the cat purring on his knees.

Presently he fell asleep and the pipe dropped out of his mouth, setting fire to a rug. When the wife returned, the room was filled with smoke.

"Fire," she shouted, and the sergeant awoke, thrust the cat in the oven, slammed the iron door with a clang, and replied: "Number one gun ready, sir."

FURS

Stored, Cleaned and Glazed
Repaired, Remodelled
Relined

at Reasonable Prices

We will gladly give you an estimate, without charge or obligation.

Delays are costly. Write us tomorrow.

**Wheat City
Tannery Limited**

STORE: 142 - 10th STREET

Phone 3372 Brandon, Man.

To Bremen and Back

From The Air Force Review

The sun begins to sink behind the fenland trees, and the bomber crews—officers and sergeants—have left their messes for the hangars. At 2300 hours (11 p.m.) the first aircraft is due to take off. It is now 2130.

The night is still warm, so nearly everybody dresses outside the hangars. They drag their cumbersome flying kit out from the locker rooms and having dressed, stand or sit about on the grass underneath the young trees in front of the hangars.

To get them off quickly, some of the aircraft of the squadrons which are based on this station are taking off from the satellite aerodrome a few miles away. Time is precious to the night bomber on these short nights. The crews of the bombers operating from the satellite aerodrome drive away in coaches which used to fill the summer roads between London and the coast in peacetime. These holiday coaches make an odd contrast with the bleak aerodrome. The coaches go down the winding village street and pass the old parish church. The villagers wave as they pass and the bomber crews wave back.

At the aerodrome, the other crews complete their dressing. There is a good deal of "back chat" and whistling and singing. Someone discovers that there are oranges in the night's flying rations. Oranges are rare. Two of the officers are unable to resist the temptation, and tuck in. "I think I'll keep my orange for coming back," says one of the others.

The trailer with the flarepath equipment and the flood lights trundles slowly across the aerodrome, making a fascinating silhouette as it goes over the rise. The flare path party space out their lights. The fire tender,

fully manned, and the ambulance have now been drawn up side by side near the watch office. The wind sock hangs limply: there is little or no wind.

The station commander and his squadron commanders are out to see the take-off. Another coach is filling up to take six more crews round to their dispersal points. "It's standing room only tonight," says the station commander as they crowd in. Some of them pack their parachutes and helmets and gloves along the luggage racks above their heads, but most of them hold on to their gear. "Any more for the skylark?" calls out an officer, and then the coach is off. Other crews go out in lorries.

The first aircraft off is piloted by a young Squadron Leader now back on his second spell of operations. He has already been on thirty raids and has won the D.F.C. Now he has returned after doing a staff job for a few months. "You can't keep him off flying," says the station commander. In quick succession the other aircraft follow, racing across the aerodrome at a hundred miles an hour. Then rising slowly, majestically, they fly towards the crescent moon. Their engines make the ground shudder. They circle to gain height before getting course for Germany and then in a minute or two are gone.

The aircraft from the satellite fly across to join the armada heading eastwards. One counts ten aircraft in the air around the aerodrome at the same time. Many are already out of sight, while a line of others yet to take off are taxiing across to the start of the flare path. "Like a lot of cabs in a rank," comments the officer in charge, as he watches them lumbering across. The air is full of the noise of engines. The sky darkens, and most of the bombers have gone. When



PACKING SURVIVOR'S KITS

SURVIVOR'S KITS

On the cold, stormy waters of the Atlantic a torpedoed ship and its precious cargo has just gone to the bottom. And somewhere on that pitiless stretch of winter sea the oil drenched, ill clad survivors sit hunched in life boats or cling to the cold, wet surface of frail rafts. Days and nights of terrible ordeal may pass before a rescue vessel appears to help them. Days and nights of agonizing exposure to all the cruel whims of wind and wave.

These men, some of them wounded and ill, are in dire need of warm clothing until such time as the ship that rescues them can reach a friendly port and place them in a hospital.

These are the men, the courageous, uncomplaining sailors, who keep the vital convoys moving to Britain, and their urgent need, their desperate need of warm clothing is something the rest of us cannot and must not ignore.

The recruits coming to this depot are being asked to donate their civilian clothing as Survivor's Kits. The remainder of us can hardly do less. Give shoes, socks, underwear, shirts, pants, belts, overcoats, sweaters, mitts, hats, and handkerchiefs. These items may be sent collect the most economical way, to the Naval Barracks, 583 Ellice Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.

—The Editor

COLD COUNTRY

A woman about to leave London for New Zealand was advised to provide herself with very warm clothing. "Why?" she asked.

"Oh, it's awfully cold out there, don't you know!" replied the adviser. "It's the place where all the frozen mutton comes from!"

"So your brother is a painter, eh?"
 "Yep."
 "Paints houses, I presume?"
 "Nope, paints men and women."
 "Oh, I see. He's an artist."
 "Nope, just paints women on one door and men on the other."



WELL?

the last of them disappears, the night seems strangely quiet again.

Back in the mess the wireless is turned on. A woman is singing, "all through the night". Then, an hour later, all the mess lights go out. An enemy aircraft has been "plotted" approaching the aerodrome. No bombs are dropped.

It is well past 0400 hours (4 a.m.) when the first of the returning bombers circles the aerodrome. In a few minutes, there are five more roaring overhead. They are coming in with amazing, clockwork regularity. The controlling officer steps them up at different heights as they circle waiting permission to land. They fly with their navigation lights on. It reminds one of a roundabout.

The crews take half an hour or so from the time of landing to filter through to the interrogation room where the station intelligence officers are on duty. They were called when the first aircraft was reported overhead. Coffee and sandwiches are brought in. There is a choice of sandwiches, fish-paste or sardine. The room gradually fills as other crews come in. They exchange experiences as they wait to be interrogated. Everyone talks freely; there is a general buzz of conversation. The crews look a little dishevelled but one or two are quite fresh and untired. One man, a gunner, falls asleep, leaning back in his chair. Another gunner throws a matchbox at him and he wakes up. Several of the men, one notices, have brought their oranges back. "I'm taking mine home to my wife," says one.

The intelligence officers get down to their job, finding out the details of what has happened. It has been a successful night, though heavy cloud made things difficult. But Bremen has been hard hit. There were many fires there. One hears snatches of what the crews are saying.

"When we got there, there were three good fires and we saw a large number of smaller ones. We saw a lot of bomb bursts in the area. Some terrific ones. Someone must have been there with some of the new stuff."
 "Yes, a lot of light flak. Heavy as well. Didn't trouble us particularly. Bags and bags of searchlights."

(Continued on page 20)

**R. Smith &
Company Limited**

Winnipeg, Manitoba

Caterer to

R. C. A. F.

No. 2 Manning Depot

Brandon, Manitoba

PERSONALITIES AND PROFILES

(By J. S. Hughes)

To assist the W.A.G.'s in their endeavor to remuster as pilots a number of A.C.E.'s volunteered their services as instructors in Mathematics, Physics and English. The personnel changed often, due to interrupting drafts, but we follow with a brief resume of the lives of the teaching staff.

CHAMBERS, Lloyd, hailed from North Bay, Ontario. He graduated in engineering from Toronto University. Until joining the R.C.A.F. he worked as a technician on the ventilation staff of the International Nickel Company at Sudbury.

McTAVISH, A. S., lived at Saskatoon in Saskatchewan graduating from the Provincial University. Before joining the R.C.A.F. he taught school at Weyburn, Saskatchewan.

EDME, Henry, a native of Saskatchewan, he attended University of Saskatoon and later taught school in rural Saskatchewan.

WHITTAKER, Dan, held an Honor Science degree from the University of Manitoba. Until joining the R.C.A.F. he was a chemist at the Cordite plant in Transcona.

RASMUSSEN, Lloyd, graduated in Agriculture from the University of Saskatchewan. He was a resident of Regina and later Saskatoon. He was a traveller, insurance salesman and adjuster. His varied experience gave him a splendid outlook and made him respected by both pupil and fellow teacher.

MAC, J. L. (Larry) has had a very wide career. A high school teacher, salesman and lately a radio-technician with the R.C.A.F. Married and proud of it.

AIKEN, Donald, (C'pl) was born in Winnipeg, educated in St. James and Scottish schools, secretary to a politico editor of a weekly paper, traveller, graduate of Winnipeg Normal School and until joining the R.C.A.F., the principal at Meridale, Manitoba. Much credit is due to Cpl. Aiken for his interest and organization of the W.A.G. classes.

BAKER, David, born in Winnipeg, educated at St. John's Technical and

graduated in science from the University of Manitoba in '37, one-time operator of a "Drive-in" stand one mile north of Winnipeg, later he worked in a printing plant, finally joining the R.C.A.F. Married October, 1939.

HUGHES, J. S., a native Manitoban, graduating from the University of Manitoba in 1933, followed by Post Graduate work at McGill and later in France. Taught French at Kelvin Technical high school in Winnipeg. A member of Winnipeg Winter Club and Alumnus Representative on the Athletic Board of Control for the University of Manitoba. Widely travelled and keenly interested in sport.

PAULL, Allan, originally from Regina where he attended Regina College and the University of Manitoba, obtaining his B.A. in Mathematics. Until he joined the R.C.A.F. he was employed by the National Research Council as biometrician at the Grain Research Laboratory in Winnipeg.

McFADDEN, Hugh, born at Rivers, Manitoba, where he farmed for four years after leaving high school. Worked for two years in Copper Smelts at the Flin Flon. An honor graduate in economics from United College in Winnipeg. He spent last year doing post-graduate work in economics at Toronto.

REYNOLDS, George. Hometown is Rapid City, obtained education at Brandon College and United College, Winnipeg. Later obtained diploma in education from University of Manitoba. Has taught for 2½ years. Spent one summer at Gimli Youth Training camp and also one at summer school.

HE PASSED

A hillbilly heard that the job of watchman at a railroad crossing was open.

"You'll have to undergo a strict examination," the man in charge said. "Ask me anything!" bragged the hillbilly.

"All right," spoke up the examiner. "Supposing you are at the crossing and two trains are coming along 60 miles an hour—head on. What would you do?"

"Waaill, I'd blow m' whistle."

"Yes, but supposing your whistle was out of order."

"I'd always wear a red shirt and I'd take it off and flag the train."

"Let's say this happened at night."

"Then I'd swing m' lantern."

"But suppose you had no oil in your lantern."

SPORTING GOODS

—Get Our Quotations on—

Football, Diamondball, and Baseball Uniforms

Right now is a good time to consider outfitting teams for Sports Uniforms. We will also welcome opportunity to estimate on other sports needs.

O. STARK & SON

10TH ST. — BRANDON, MAN.



"In that case," said the hillbilly, "I'd call m' sister."

"Your sister? What for?"

"I'd just say to her, 'Come on down, sis, and see the goldrudest wreck you ever saw in all your life!'"

AW, NUTS!

A visitor to an insane asylum was stopped by one of the inmates, who seemed to be in a playful mood, for he cupped his hands as if he were holding something in them and challenged the visitor: "What do you think I've got here?"

"A million dollars?" guessed the visitor, eager to co-operate.

The inmate stole a look at the palms of his hands, and answered triumphantly, "No. Guess again."

"A yacht?"

Glancing once more at his invisible treasure the inmate answered: "No. Guess again."

"An airplane?"

"No," said the inmate after another peek.

"Is it a horse?" the guest finally ventured.

Furtively the inmate eyed his cupped hands again. Then he looked coyly up and asked: "What color?"

RAP THE JAP

Send him a shipload
Of iron and lead,
The first thru the belly
The last thru the head.

**NEW BUS DEPOT
BARBER SHOP
and
Beauty Parlor**

We specialize in Men's and Ladies' Soft Water Shampoos, Facials and Manicures.

HIT HITLER

A bouquet for Hitler
Of fragrant cordite
Wrapped up in a bomb
And dropped from a height.

MUSS UP MUSSOLINI

For Musso the Moke
Who raves and rants,
A hard hefty boot
On the seat of his pants.

RIB RIBBENTROP

Tickle the fellow,
Rib him to death,
Good riddance we say
When he draws his last breath.

HANG HIMMLER

Yes, hang the fellow,
Hang him high,
We'll all breathe better
When he says, bye, bye.

GOBBLE GOEBBELS

The carving knife here
For a nasty old bird,
Whose weapon of war
Is the poisonous word.

A GIFT FOR GOERING

Three hundred pounds
Of medals and beef,
Send him a parcel
Packed with grief.

**Canadian Motors
Limited**

Brandon's



Dealer

"The Garage of Better
Service"

**Success
to
Brandon Airmen**

**BERESFORD
LUMBER CO.**

Brandon Phone 4010

**L. BERESFORD and
R. KITCHEN**

THE FIRST ATLANTIC FLIGHT

(By G. I. Todd)

"The Atlantic flight is practicable, but I think it should be done not with an aeroplane or seaplane, but with a flying-boat." So said Captain John Alcock, D.S.C., in describing to a Daily Mail reporter, the non-stop flight across the Atlantic he made with Lieutenant Arthur Whitten Brown, June 14, 1919. These pioneer airmen, the first to fly the Atlantic, charted the course and made the trip from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Clifden Galway, Ireland, lying 1,950 miles, in fifteen hours and fifty-seven minutes. "We had plenty of reserve fuel left," reported Captain Alcock.

In recognition of their achievement, both Captain Alcock and Lieutenant Brown were knighted by King George V. They also received the Daily Mail prize of £10,000; 2,000 guineas from the Ardath Tobacco Company, and £1,000 from L. J. Phillips, as the first British subjects to fly the Atlantic.

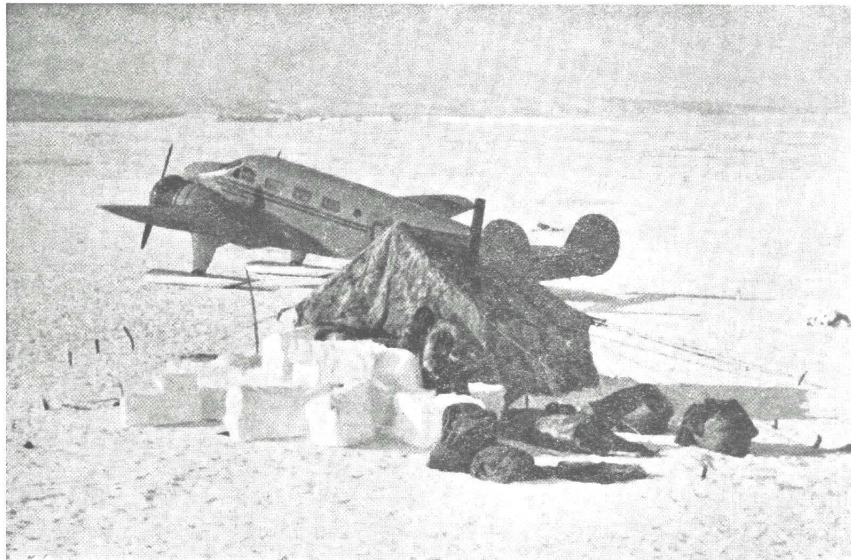
Flying the "Vimy," a Vickers-Vimy-Royce biplane, these veterans of the Great War experienced dirty weather part of the way, but were fortunate in having favorable winds for most of the trip. Dense fog lowered the ceiling and at times caused the fliers to descend to 300 feet above the sea. Most of the time, however, they maintained an altitude of 4,000 feet and, early one morning, trying to get above the fog, they reached the then thrilling height of 11,000 feet.

Sleet that froze on the machine and had to be chipped off the instruments, caused some trouble. The plane was travelling ninety miles an hour when the air speed indicator jammed. "Then," reported Captain Alcock, "the plane went into a steep spiral which ended with the machine practically on its back fifty feet above the water. The only other trouble occurred when one of the exhaust pipes blew off."

Flying mostly at night, and making a little better time than the sixteen hours planned for the flight, Captain Alcock and Lieutenant Brown caused great excitement when they landed near Clifden at 9.40 o'clock the morning after their take-off. People hurried to view the plane and the heroes, who probably did not realize at the time that they were making history.

So, to two British men, a Manchester man and a Scot, flying an all-British plane, go the laurels for having made the first non-stop flight across the Atlantic ocean.

Some lung-fish found in Africa can live out of water. When the rivers dry up in the hot season, they burrow into the mud and exude a thick mucus, which gradually forms a sort of cocoon. Thus, buried alive, they exist until the rainy season comes again, six or eight months later.



THESE WINTRY SCENES MIGHT WELL ILLUSTRATE CONDITIONS ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT. ACTUALLY THEY ARE PICTURES OF FLYING CONDITIONS IN CANADA'S FAR NORTHLAND.

AFTER THE WAR MANY OF OUR COMBAT PILOTS WILL TURN TO PEACETIME AVIATION AND BECOME ACQUAINTED WITH THE EXIGENCIES OF NORTHLAND FLYING. WE ARE INDEBTED TO THE HUDSON BAY CO. FOR THESE SPLENDID PICTURES.



FOREIGNER

Two girls were returning from their work at a Glasgow canteen.

"Me accompany you?" said a soldier's voice in the darkness.

"No, thank you," said the girls.

But the soldier trotted beside them, repeating persuasively, "Me accompany you?"

"Are you French?" said one of the girls at length.

"Oh, no," he replied.

"Are you Dutch?" they asked.

"No."

"Belgian?"

"No."

"Norwegian?"

"No."

"Czecho-Slovak?"

"No."

"What are you, then?" they asked.

"The truth is," he admitted in the broadest of Scots accents, "Ah come frae Kirriemuir. But the lasses'll no look at ye these days unless ye speak wi' a foreign accent."

NOT A MUSICIAN

"And to whom does this lovely violin belong?" asked the visitor of the cotter's wife.

"My 'usband, ma'am; 'e wouldn't rest till he 'ad one."

"Dear, dear," went on the visitor, "but I didn't know that Mr. Gibson could play the violin."

"Bless you, no, ma'am," said the old woman, "nor can 'e. Why, 'e don't even know 'ow to wind it up yet."

Exclusive Agency for

- HARTT
- SLATER
- DACK (to order)
- SCOTT McHALE
- LECKIE

Air Force Shoes

W. J. Creelman & Co.

SUPERIOR FOOTWEAR

BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

HUTCHINGS' DRUG STORE

Cor. 10th and Princess

HEADQUARTERS FOR MEN'S TOILET GOODS

BLADES—Schick, Gillette, Minora, Pal, Autostrop, etc.

RAZORS—Autostrop, Gillette, Schick Electric, Shavemaster or Schick.

Lather Brushes, Combs, Hair Brushes, etc.

Full supply of Photo Film.

Photo Finishing 8-hour Service

De Bunk Area



By Bunko

Then there's the story about the N.C.O. who took a draft West and midway to its destination discovered he had a man too many. The N.C.O. acted promptly and with commendable initiative. He lured the surplus member of the draft to an open window and heaved him out.

Heard on the Avenue: Did you know that Grey took seven years to write his Elegy in a Country Churchyard?

Practical Pat: Didn't he go home for meals?

Our N.C.O. in charge of secret service operations informs us that some of the honey-colored female personnel of the Depot are going in strongly for a species of baby-talk when conversing with one another in the privacy of their dressing room. We always thought this goo-goo lingo was the sole privilege of little duffers around the age of one and two, but perhaps some "minds" just don't never grow up. Better keep your door closed, gals.

Running a magazine is like playing football. The interference is terrific. Ask the Editor of the Airman's Post.

Our idea of poetic justice: Giving the disciples their promotion tests in equipment and pay accountability. The results would be stimulating.

A study in still life: Some of the decorative young things who lounge and yawn among the Pay Office typewriters.

Why not bring your troubles to De Bunk Area. We have a special department for those in trouble and our aim is to serve you at all times. Advice is to be had for the asking, free, gratis, and for nothing. All you have to do is ask for it. If you don't like the guy who sleeps next to you, tell us, we'll help you exterminate him. Maybe you're having trouble wondering what to buy your girl friend. Tell us. Our special shopper will do the dirty work. Maybe somebody isn't giving you a square deal, or perhaps your stomach is out of order. Just drop a line to De Bunk Area and you won't be disappointed in what we can do for you. We know one lad who unwittingly made two dates with two different girls for the same night. He was on the verge of suicide, and then he came to us. We promptly advised him to develop mumps. He did! So that fixed everything.

And how about some contributions from the Station Hospital. We personally heard they harboured some hidden talent behind those cold grey walls. Is it fair I say, is it right, to withhold from a waiting world some evidence of that modest genius that lurks behind a starched white surgical gown. "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen"—don't let that happen here. GIVE!

Cheerio! See you next month again—we hope.

DON'T STOP US . . .

A drunk was walking along the curb with one foot on the sidewalk and the other in the gutter. A cop followed him for two blocks and then said, "Come along, buddy, and I'll help you home. You're drunk." "Thank God!" said the drunk. "I thought I was a cripple."

Two men finished their drinks at the tavern, said good-bye to their friends and began the 40-mile drive to the city. After a while one of them observed, "We're gettin' closer to town."

"What makes you think so?" countered the other.

"Well," reasoned the first, "we're hittin' more people."

LIBRARY LULLS

(By J. S. Hughes)

"Hi, A.C.2! How's the arm?"

"Pretty tough, these 'knocks' really give me a beating and when you can't get into the bunk area it does make it bad. How about the Library? We can lie down there."

"O.K. fella."

And so these two A.C. deuces freshly pricked with the needle of fate made their way into the Library, sprawled on a couple of Chesterfields and soon, overcome by the heat and listlessness, they were asleep. Intermittent snores broke the high-ceilinged calm of this centre of mental culture. Then—

"Hey, old man, you can't do that here."



MADAM, YOUR SLIP IS SHOWING

"I think you'll pull through," said a doctor to his patient, "but you're a pretty sick man."

"Please, doctor," begged the patient, "do everything you can for me. And if I get well I'll donate \$50,000 to the fund for your new hospital."

Months later the doctor met his former patient on the street.

"How are you?" he asked. "I'm feeling marvelous!" replied the man.

"I've been meaning to speak to you," continued the doctor, "about that money for the new hospital."

"What are you talking about?"

"You said that if you got well," the doctor reminded him, "you would contribute \$50,000."

"I said that?" the former patient exclaimed. "Now you can see how sick I was!"

"Ugh, look out, that's my sore arm."

"Sorry, old boy, but you can't sleep here. This is a Library—we give out books, not sleeping potions! How about a book?"

"No thanks—too tired. Come on, give me a break—let me sleep!"

"Fine—we'll give you a break! Come over and look at the books. We've some very new books—a better break than you would get back home."

And so the A.C.2 walked with the Librarian to the desk, where he found a typed book-list, showing alphabetically the names of books with their authors, numbers and sections.

"I like Zane Grey's books or something by Ralph Connor. Have you anything by them?"

"Sure, look over here. Here is an alphabetical list of the authors and what books we have of theirs."

"Say, you've done a lot of work here!"

"You bet we have and that's why we want this place to go over. We have been open only a few weeks and yet we have almost 2500 books—and good ones. Look here—"The Sun Is My Undoing" that just came from the press last fall and I waited for weeks in Winnipeg to get it from Eaton's library. Here's another "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" by Laurence of Arabia. That book costs a heck of a lot of money—yet you can read it here for nothing. Look at this Atlas. How do you like this map of the East Indies? It surely shows what the Japs have done. Here are some technical books on this shelf. Aircraft, Recognition, Mathematics and other studies you will have at I.T.S. "Say why did no one show me these before. I would like to have this one."

"Good! Give me a ten cent deposit and you may have it for three days. If you need it for a longer time, I'll renew the check."

"Thanks, I'll need that renewal. The lighting in the bunk area is poor and besides that we get very little time for reading."

"Come over here any time you are off duty. That's what we want this place to be—a reading and writing room. That's why I awakened you—we don't want sleepers or card players here. We want the fellows to have a chance to read, write or study quietly."

"Quietly! Say I saw some fellows in here the other day who were pretty noisy. They had white bands on their hats. Who were they?"

"Oh, they were L.A.C.'s left here while waiting to go on to S.F.T.S. They gave us some good tips about the going ahead but they also gave us plenty of work. They never put their magazines back; left them all over the chairs and floor. All these Life's, Colliers and Times are current and we would want them used, but also we want them looked after and returned to the desk. There are a couple of chaps working here with me and we get a kick having things in good shape around here. Here's your book!"

"Thanks A.C. deuce. I'll sure tell the rookies around here what you have on these shelves."

"Good stuff and tell 'em we don't allow snoring. Come in any time and discuss the book. Let us know how you like it."

And so fellows, the Librarian meets with his fellow recruits and helps them choose a book, is glad to discuss its topic with them, and, in general, tries to make the Library a friendly homey study for a quiet hour of reading or writing.

In 1930 the United States had 4,283,753, or 4.3 per cent of its population who were persons of 10 and over who could neither read nor write in any language.

HOW TO BE A PILOT

The story of how a man becomes an airman was related to me by a young man who didn't say anything about Democracy, about Nazi hordes that must be stopped, or about torches that must be caught from falling hands. One day last fall the R.C.A.F. reached out to Lake Erie to pick from a yacht this young man who liked working on boats but had never been in the air. Today he's sailing over the English channel at 450 miles an hour, a guardian of Empire and defender of faith. That, really, is the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan.

"I always had a yen for the Air" he began. "Just after I finished school in 1938 I tried to get into the Air Force but they would take me only as a clerk so I did other things. When the war started I tried again, but it was a long time before a letter came one Saturday telling me to report at the Recruiting Centre on Wednesday. We traded medical tests for my oath of allegiance and in three days I hoped a train to the Manning Pool at Toronto."

And so he was enlisted. The Manning Pool is the big Coliseum building in the Toronto Exhibition grounds where cowboys used to break in wild horses. Today raw recruits are herded together, given their boots, cap, three pairs of socks and two suits of underwear, four shirts, a tunic and fatigue pants. "Right turn, quick march" and they're in the Air Force now, an Aircraftsman, 2nd class, pay \$1.30 a day.

Morning came early, with all the axe-like subtlety of a bugle at 6.00. Down from two-cot bunks they tumbled to wash behind the ears from a trough-like basin, shine the buttons and polish the shoes. "Breakfast was as good as any breakfast can be at 6:30—cereal and sausages or eggs and coffee. Drill, drill, drill. Like Kipling's Boots. Nothing was said about aeroplanes. We were just a bunch of guys crowded together for two or three weeks to get the bumps rubbed off, learn to say "Yes, sir" and act accordingly. We could get off nearly every day at 4:30 and stay out until 10:30 but when money was scarce there was always a movie or a sing song or a sports game on the station. And they tell me there was a pretty good library. Now that I look back on it I see it was just a sort of kindergarten, but it seemed pretty important at the time".

Leaving the push and pull of the Manning Depot for the rarified atmosphere of an Initial Training school where only pilots and observers enter, is a gay day best symbolized by the addition to rough blankets of nice white sheets! "And the bugle didn't blow until 6:30!"

Of the seven Initial Training schools in the Plan, the Lake Erie student went to the one which took over the fashionable Eglington Hunt Club at Toronto. His bedroom used to be a stable but all seemed clean and tidy and life was looking up.

"It was like going back to school. We had class-room work in mathematics, accounts, air force law, armament and personal hygiene. But the big thrill of the I.T.S. was the Link Trainer. Even though it doesn't leave the ground it was the first sight of an aeroplane we got and thoughts of fighting in the clouds began to replace the monotony of barrack routine."

The Link Trainer is a box-like contrivance shaped like an aeroplane that moves up, down, sideways and around very much like a plane in the air. It can spin and dive and even crash, and sometimes is so realistic as to make the nervous squeamy and sick. Moving about on its sockets inside a circular room with mountains, lakes and fields painted on the walls, the Link Trainer all but puts a man in the air.

"Take a course on that mountain and keep your air speed steady" orders the instructor, and the anxious ace clutches his stick and fiddles with his many gadgets as though his life depended on it. In this mock aircraft a number of recruits reveal a nervous tension that eliminates them right away from their chosen line of war effort. They strive too desperately to be perfect. Others relax and roam around the 10-foot Heavens as though they'd done it all their lives.

It is at the I.T.S. that the aircrew recruits get that little white ribbon sewed on their caps, "a mark of distinction we boasted over the landlubbers." But some of them weren't so sure about it all when they were slapped into the decompression chamber the Banting Institute has developed to test their airworthiness. Together with the Institute the R.C.A.F. has gone a long way with its Clinical Investigation Unit. The decompression chamber used at I.T.S. can simulate conditions at 25,000 feet to the student, with or without oxygen, can make him dive or rush skyward. The small proportion that will always be airsick are in this way weeded out. Others with physical weaknesses are closely watched. This machine teaches the students how to act under most conditions they will face—to blow their nose to fight off increasing air pressure, for instance—and there is another new affair called electroencephalography that can test what the brain will do under pressure just

(Continued from page 18)



"This is Positively My Last Territorial Demand"

As Works and Buildings Would Tell It

One day, three men, a lawyer, a doctor and an engineer, appeared before St. Peter at the pearly gates.

The first man to step forward was the lawyer. With assurance and confidence he delivered an eloquent address leaving St. Peter dazed and bewildered. Before he could recover the lawyer quickly handed St. Peter a writ of mandamus and strode through the open portals.

Next came the doctor. With impressive and dignified bearing he introduced himself. "I am Dr. Brown." St. Peter received him cordially: "I feel I know you, Dr. Brown. Many preceding you said you sent them here. Welcome to heaven."

The engineer, modest and diffident, stepped forward and said, "I am looking for a job." "Sorry," St. Peter said, "We have no work here; you can go to hell."

This sounded familiar to the engineer, making him feel at home. "Very well," he said, "I've had hell all my life and I guess I can stand it better than the others."

"What on Earth do you do?" asked St. Peter.

The engineer, recalling a definition, replied, "I apply mathematics to the control of natural forces"

This sounded ridiculous to St. Peter, making him angry. "Young man," he said, "You can go to hell with your mathematical principles and try your hand on some of the natural forces there."

So it came to pass that strange reports began to reach St. Peter. The celestial angels who in the past had amused themselves by looking down on the unfortunate creatures in inferno, commenced asking for transfers to Hell.

The sounds of suffering and agony were stilled. Many new arrivals, after looking over both places, selected the nether regions as their permanent abode.

Puzzled, St. Peter sent messengers to visit Hell and report to him. They

returned excited, reporting, "That engineer you sent to Hell has completely harnessed the fiery furnaces for light and power. He has cooled the entire place with artificial refrigeration. He has drained the lakes and filled the air with perfumed breezes, and is happy now that he doesn't have to depend upon government subsidies to apply the forces of nature beneficially."

"He has flung bridges across the bottomless abyss and has bored tunnels through the obsidian cliffs, has created paved streets, gardens, parks and playgrounds, lakes, rivers and beautiful waterfalls."

That engineer you sent to Hell, has gone through there and made of it a realm of happiness, peace and industry."

MECHANIZED

Jones was carrying a typewriter from his office to his home. On the corner of his street he collided heavily with a running man. Together they rolled into the gutter.

"Why the dickens aren't you more careful?" cried Jones wrathfully, as he retrieved the machine from the roadway.

"Hang it all," said the stranger bitingly, "why don't you carry a fountain pen like most sensible people?"

BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

UNION SHOE REPAIR

SERVING THE R.C.A.F.
Quality Work Always

924 Rosser Phone 3342

Smith's Drug Store

Local Agents for
Laura Secord Candies
Elizabeth Arden Toiletries
Du Barry Beauty Preparations
Waterman Pens
Kodaks and Films

Let us help you select your gifts.
We pack them ready for mailing.
SMITH THE DRUGGIST
730 Rosser Ave. Phone 2925

POLAND'S AVENGING EAGLES

For their bravery in combat the Poles flying in the Royal Air Force are becoming the legendary heroes of this war. They are demoniac fighters because their lives have lost practically all spiritual values except hatred and thirst for vengeance against Hitler's Luftwaffe. They have lost their families, homes, country. Death is to them unimportant as long as in dying they are able to deal a blow at the cause of their tragedy.

Air Ministry communicates telling of Polish deeds rigidly adhere to a policy of anonymity because most of these men have relatives and friends living under German domination. Only once since last August has this rule been officially relaxed. This was in the case of Sergeant Pilot Josef Franciszek only after he had lost his life. The Distinguished Flying Medal was awarded him because in one half day's dogfighting he downed five German planes.

In the beginning Polish eagerness raised a crop of headaches among British commanding officers. On the ground the Poles were obedient. But in the air they wouldn't stay in formations if there was anything in the sky to fight. Efforts to command them by radio were met with "No speak Anglish" when they answered at all.

While the majority of Polish pilots are scattered throughout the air service, there is one all-Pole fighting squadron. The Kosciusko Squadron is a reincarnation of an old fighting unit. There was a Kosciusko Squadron in Poland before Hitler's Blitz. Its antiquated crates, insufficiently armed, were utterly inadequate against Hitler's superior planes. Squadron members fought gallantly and then fled, via the Balkans, into France. There, recruiting other flying Poles, they got some equipment and again took to the air as a unit. When France fell they fled to England. The squadron was organized as part of the British Air Force August 1, 1940. It was not scheduled to go into active service until it had a month's training to acquaint members with their Spitfires and Hurricanes. But the boys couldn't stand the delay. It was on August 30, a day before the squadron was supposed to be in actual combat, that Franciszek brought down his bag of five German planes.

The bomber squadron, as a final step in training, was ordered to take off with a full load of gasoline and bombs, just as if it were going on a long raid. The planes lumbered skyward. They should have returned within a short time. But hours passed while the commanding officers worried. Finally the bombers circled the field and landed.

"Where've you been?" the commander demanded.

"Bombing Berlin," the Poles answered with eloquent brevity.

In September 1940, month of the big Blitz, the Kosciusko Squadron



Picture by R. M. Coleman
THE "LIVING DRAMA" AT No. 2 "M" DEPOT

alone knocked down 118 planes. The day King George visited the squadron the Poles celebrated by bagging 13 German planes—one third of all the planes shot down that day by the RAF.

The Poles are daredevil pilots. Their bombers scrape the rooftops of German bases in France to carry out their missions in the teeth of the heaviest barrages. Their fighters unhesitatingly attack overwhelming numbers—sweeping, stalling, and spraying destruction all over the sky.

But they are also good pilots. A Polish pilot detailed to a photographic reconnaissance job climbed into his Spitfire and drove skyward without noticing a mechanic straddling the tail. About 500 feet up he discovered he couldn't level off. Pilots on the ground watching the desperate battle between the Pole and the machine saw him skillfully slip tail downward back to earth, gunning the engine when his control was threatened by gravity. He swung around the field and, just as he seemed about to light on his tailfins, miraculously got the plane's nose down, making a good but bumpy two-wheel landing.

"This is an unstable plane," the pilot said as he climbed out. "It is fortunate that I am a test pilot and so accustomed to instability."

Only then he learned that he had been flying one of the most delicately balanced kites ever made, with 180 pounds of terrified mechanic on its tail.

CATASTROPHE

Mrs. Johnson, whose husband was an aviator, was crying her eyes out.

"What's the matter, Jane," said a neighbor.

"I'm worrying about my husband. He's been trying for weeks to get rid of our cat and has finally taken her up in his plane. He said he would take her up 3,000 feet and drop her over the side of the plane."

"What is there to worry about, then?" said her neighbor.

"There is lots to worry about—my husband isn't home yet and the cat is."

How To Be a Pilot

(Continued from page 17)

as the electrocardiograph can test the heart.

Students at I.T.S. can get off nearly every evening (and the ladies like the lads with the white ribbon in their caps) but as at the Manning Depot for those who prefer to stay on station, there are movies, games, softball between the officers and men. Training winds up the 48-days' course here with a dance on the Station.

There's an atmosphere of competition among the pupils at I.T.S. for it is here they are selected by instructors towards the end of the course to be either pilots or observers. Most of them want to be pilots so there's a mixture of cheering and cursing the morning the announcement is made. Physique, temperament, psychology and even philosophy play a part in the decision but dynamite hangs over the head of the man who attempts to say what makes a pilot different from an observer. It seems, though that the impetuous and reckless young fellows with perfect bodies make the pilots; and the cool calculating type with a gift for higher mathematics, science and navigation make the observers. But the public is gradually realizing that an observer or a gunner is just as important to a bombing crew as the pilot.

With graduation from the I.T.S. comes a pay increase, new clothes and higher rank. As Leading Aircraftmen (LAC) they receive \$1.50 per day plus 75 cents a day flying pay.

On reaching an Elementary Flying School the student has his goggles, helmet, flying suit and boots, and gauntlets. He's beginning to feel like an airman and even look like one. These schools are run under civilian management, as explained later in this review, but the training is supervised by the R.C.A.F. and everything is under R.C.A.F. disciplinarians. It is still a two-cot bunk affair but classroom lessons take up only half the day and the remainder of the time the pupils get right off the ground for their first flying. "A parachute was strapped on my back and up I went in a light training plane to see the

sights. I sat in the front just looking around and the instructor sat in the back doing all the work and pointing out the sights to me. He also showed me the ground signals and a little about the plane's action—but I was pretty wide-eyed I guess."

For the next few days the pupil is able to place his feet and hands on the duplicate set of controls in his seat and "feel" how the instructor is operating the plane. The control "stick", which is really like a movable steering gear and isn't a stick at all, he holds in his hands; the throttle is a hand lever too, and under his feet are the left and right rudder bar pedals.

"The ABC of the 'stick' he explained, 'is that if you move it back you move 'elevators' or moving fins on the tail and the nose of the plane rises. If you push it forward the nose drops and the plane dives. Push it to the right and the right wing will go down and the plane will bank. Push it to the left and the same thing occurs on that side. Moreover you can combine several of these moves in one motion, moving the stick much as though you are stirring porridge."

"I'm going to do a medium bank to the left," says the instructor through his two-way speaking tube—and the pupil feels the left rudder bar depressed and notes the 'stick' move back a bit to send the plane higher on the turn.

And so it goes—experience half the day and class-room lessons the other half on the aerodynamic features of a plane's action. In the plane with the instructor it is take off, circle the field, land; over and over. It is at this time the pupil learns about sideslips (losing height without gaining forward speed), about three or four types of spins and how to get out of them, about stalling and starting the engine in mid-air, about what to do in case of fire: turn off the gas supply, open the throttle to full speed, cut the ignition, attempt to put out the fire with an extinguisher, and, if the worst comes to the worst, prepare to bail out.

"After perhaps 8 or 12 hours of this dual flying the instructor one day casually said 'Try it yourself this time.' I had always thought that would be a bad moment, but I'd made that circuit with him so often, and done all the handling myself so often, that I really didn't mind it much. Alone, all alone. But you're as thrilled as you are fearful and everything works out okay. My first landing was not the smoothest ever made, but it got me down all right."

He might have added that thus far, touch wood, there have been no fatalities on first solo flights. Once or twice students have hung about up among the soft air waves a little too long rather than face the first landing. But accidents occur, rather, when the pupil begins to feel his oats and starts frightening farmers on country roads or waving to his girl in the college campus.

(Continued on page 19)

How To Be a Pilot

(Continued from Page 18)

Once the first solo is made progress is rapid. The next day he tries mild spins and from then on he and Air-Marshall Bishop are brothers under the skin. He can now take off the red band he's had to wear on his arm on station, even in bed; and he no longer has to extend his arms like a banking plane when he walks around a corner in view of senior classmen. At some schools his plane will have a red pennant tied to it in his early solo flights as a warning to other flyers to give him all the sky in the world. The R.C.A.F. gives him his first test after 20 hours flying. This is the test that plucks most of those who enter the course. If a man doesn't show good progress and good promise at this time, there's no point in spending valuable money and time on him only to have him dropped later on. However, those dropped are not wasted; they may become observers or gunners or are assigned to one of the 72 different trades in the Air Force.

After the 20 hour test the routine branches out, the fledgling tries his wings in more daring manner every day. The art of landing and the taking off becomes a part of the subconscious like sitting down and standing up. Meanwhile the class-room work is plodding ahead, calling for night swotting over knotty subjects: engines, airframes, navigation, theory of flight, weather, Morse code, airmanship. At 50 flying hours, the R.C.A.F. officer makes another test and with that the successful move on to the Service Flying Training School. Graduation is marked by a closing dance on Station but the memories carried away will not be of music and laughter but of what was probably the toughest 48 days the pupils have ever put in. "I think it was at the E.F.T.S. I became convinced there was a war on."

Going from an E.F.T.S. to the advanced training at an S.F.T.S. is like going from Collegiate to University. There are 16 of these advanced schools in the Plan, some of them using twin-engined Ansons and Cranes to instruct bomber pilots and others using single engine Harvards and Yales for the would-be fighter pilots. Working speed is something just over



160 instead of the 90 or so miles an hour at the E.F.T.S. The instructors back at the E.F.T.S. segregated the bomber pilots from the fighter pilots just before the students left that school. One might say the fighter pilots are the headstrong cavaliers of the air who will act first and think afterwards, while the bomber pilots are the iron-visaged men who set their courses against the enemy and the elements and stick on them come hell and high water. The bomber pilots have also probably been a little more proficient in navigating and not so good at the spins, turns and loops as the fighters.

I asked if getting into a Harvard for the first time was not like a first solo-thrill all over again. But no. "The Yales and Harvards have a great panel of instruments that awes a fellow—10 dials, 12 gadgets and 10 light switches at a minimum—but actually they ride more smoothly and their additional speed seems to make for greater confidence."

Early flying at the S.F.T.S. is also with an instructor, and the familiar take-off, field circuit and landing routine is resumed but at a different pace. Proficiency comes quickly though and the pilot soon finds himself further and higher in the air and deeper and tougher in the class-room studies. The latter include navigation, engines, airframes, airmanship, meteorology, armament, wireless and aerial photography. Unlike the earlier schools in the course, the day at an E.F.T.S. can start any time, even at 2 a.m. The pilots do night flying now and they also become all-weather birds. They are dilettantes no longer. The tests at an E.F.T.S. are saved

up until the end of the 10 week's course—but then they're really something. One which combines navigation, instruments and general flying calls for the pilot to take an instructor over a triangular course using three different methods of operation. The first leg he is given only a direction to take and told to keep on it at a certain speed for 90 miles. For this he has no map, but must rely on his knowledge of the effect of a side wind, speed and other relative uncertainties. When he thinks he's at the right mark, he tells the instructor and is then told to pull the hood over his head and fly by instruments only for 65 miles to a given point. He has no idea how close he is to that mark until he takes his chance and reports he's there. Then he comes out from under his "blanket" and is given a map and told to fly home, taking his direction by checking the points on the ground such as rivers and woods and towns against his map.

Straight instrument tests are given in flights above the airport, turning and climbing and descending with nothing but the instrument panel to reckon with. Flying tests include forced landings, power landings, gliding landings, precautionary landings on rough ground, tricky take-offs and one or two secret tests which aren't talked about.

"What about parachute jumping?" I asked. "No, no jumps. A lot of people ask that. We learn all about the operation of a 'chute, how and when to use them. But they feel that to have us take a practice jump is unnecessarily anticipating a last resort that may never be required of us. After all, whatever chance there is of a 'chute not opening is just as great over a training field as it is over Germany. And the surprise of a first

jump over Canada will be just as bad as the surprise of a first jump over Germany."

At the end of the 10 weeks at an E.F.T.S. the pilots training in Canada is over and with the passing of these final tests he proudly receives his "Wings" at a memorable presentation ceremony and automatically becomes a Sergeant Pilot at a pay rate of \$2.70 a day plus \$1.00 a day flying pay. From here he is ordered to report after 10 days' leave to an Embarkation Camp whence he'll pull out on a train one quiet evening without warning and take his place on a well-guarded troop ship for the scene of battle.

About 33½ per cent of the pilots are awarded commissions on the strength of their training record and apparent ability to become a suitable officer and leader of men. Word of this promotion to a Pilot Officer comes comes to the boys while they are on pre-departure leave or at the Embarkation Camp and it means as well as kudos a pay of \$4.25 a day plus \$2.00 a day flying pay and \$150 a year for uniforms. But for every pilot celebrating the arrival of this news there is another feeling a little low. The latter has a good chance of getting his commission while on active service and in fact another 17 per cent are promoted on arrival overseas, but he's missed his first opportunity and is likely to grouse a bit until he gets the smell of battle in his nostrils.

Once overseas the student completes his training with 25 hours flying in combat planes under war conditions. It is here the pilots specialize in air firing training, bombing and fighting tactics. Hurricanes or other types of combat planes replace the Harvards—but to these young braves

(Continued on page 20)

GIVE HER



Here's the Gift she will love you for! All her favorites boxed in fancy Easter wrappings.

THE OLYMPIA
CAFE - LUNCH COUNTER
AND GRILL

110 - 10th Street Phone 3099

Gentlemen of the R.C.A.F.

When you want a gift for the folks at home, it's no trouble at all to choose it at the

**ORCHARD
HARDWARE**

146 - 10th St. Phone 3710



AIR FORCE

- UNIFORMS
- GREAT COATS
- RAIN COATS
- SILVER GREY SHIRTS,
By "Arrow", all sizes and sleeve lengths.
Collar attached or two separate collars,
\$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00.
- OTHER GREY SHIRTS, \$1.50.
- BLACK SOX, plain or ribbed, 50c, 75c, \$1.00
- SUSPENDERS, 50c, 75c, \$1.00
- TOPS or SHORTS, 50c each.
- BLACK TIES, 50c, 75c, \$1.00
- WEDGE CAPS, for all ranks.
- OFFICERS FORAGE CAPS.
- HANDKERCHIEFS, 3 for 50c.
- Complete assembly of accessories:
Chevrons, Badges, Buttons, Haversacks,
Belts, Sticks, Wings, etc.
- ORDER SUMMER UNIFORMS, made-to-measure now. Fit guaranteed. Best value.

PHONE 2991

**John A. McDonald
& Son Ltd.**

ROSSER AVE. AT 9th ST.

How To Be a Pilot

(Continued from page 19)

who only six months ago timidly stepped into a recruiting centre the Hurricanes, Spitfires, Wellingtons, Fleets and Moths are now all alike. The more powerful the plane the easier it is to handle. All they want now is a nice fat Messerschmitt along the gunsight.

Unhappily, the ending of this report of one man's story has not the approved Horatio Alger touch. The young airman has not got his commission. "I don't know just where I missed out on it. Not in the flying though. I can fly as well as any of them but I guess I'm not what the senior instructor called 'A1 officer material', whatever that is. But they say our war record will win the big money quickly enough if we're any good and so I'm not worrying. Anyway I'd rather win my commission fighting."

To Bremen and Back

(Continued from page 12)

"We were lucky. We got a good patch. We could see everything. Somebody was getting hell belted out of him on the other side of the town. We glided in quietly, bombed, turned round, glided out again and missed it all."

On the way back 40 or 50 miles from Bremen we saw one place well away. We flew dead over it. Terrific fires. You could see buildings burning. Girders standing out and everything."

"I thought I was beyond the Dutch coast, so I came down a bit. But we hadn't reached the coast. Just as I got down they opened up with light flak. Boy, was it hot?"

"There was a triangle of fires and we bombed in the triangle."

"We ran into that searchlight belt. It must be sixty to eighty miles long and about twenty miles deep. They were working in cones. Twenty or thirty of them to a cone."

"We spent an hour over the place waiting for a decent break in the clouds. We got it in the end. Somebody dropped a flare right in front of us and lit up the whole dam place!"

So the interrogation goes on. It is nearly nearly eight o'clock by the time the last crew have made their report, stretched, yawned, and gone to breakfast.

PADDY'S VICTORY

After several years of failure, Paddy won the foot race at the village sports.

"Congratulations," said a friend.

"Thanks," said Paddy. "I was always behind before, but now I am first at last."

TOASTED

"I say, my dear," said an ex-soldier the morning after the regimental reunion. "I seem to have got an enormous blister on my tongue."

"What do you expect?" replied his wife.

"You would insist on drinking my health out of your hot-water bottle last night."



Our Airmen

Never since English ships went out
To singe the beard of Spain,
Or English sea-dogs diced with death
Along the Spanish Main;
Never since Drake and Raleigh won
Our freedom of the seas,
Have sons of Britain dared and done
More valiantly than these.

Whether at midnight or at noon,
Through mist or open sky,
Eagles of freedom, all our hearts
Are up with you on high;
While Britain's mighty ghosts look down
From realms beyond the sun,
And whisper, as their record pales,
Their breathless, deep, "Well done!"

—Alfred Noyes

HOW CONFUSING

This one actually happened to me; many years ago during a road tour with a musical comedy. Saturday night, after having given both a matinee and evening performance, I went back to my hotel and to bed.

I was pleasantly drowsy from counting the bows I had taken (that's the actor's way of falling asleep) when I heard a heavy scuffling in the corridor and a loud knock on my door. Opening it I found a Saturday-night celebrant standing there.

"Shorry, buddy," he mumbled thickly. "Wrong room." And he zigzagged down the hall.

Fifteen minutes later came another

heavy tap on the door. Again my intoxicated friend was there. He groped for his hat and topped it politely.

"Sho shorry, ol' man," he said. "Wrong room." And he went away.

Twenty minutes later there he was again, murmuring apologies for "wrong room." By then I was furious; it took me all the bows from three matinees to get sleepy once more.

When at 3:30 I heard the familiar footsteps and knock on my door, I leaped out of bed, opened the door wide and shouted: "Well?"

"Fevvensakes!" cried the drunk. "Do you have every room in this hotel?"

NO IMAGINATION

Called in to do some repairs to an A.R.P. warden's post, a workman looked round for something to stand on. Spotting a rough wooden structure, he picked it up.

"Hey, what are you doing?" exclaimed the warden on duty.

"I'm borrowing this soap box to stand on. I won't hurt it."

"Soap box be hanged! That's our chief warden's roll-top desk."

RALLY-HO!

Then there was the Italian captain who was rallying his men on the eve of the battle.

"Now then, my men," he shouted, "fight like heroes till your ammunition's gone—then run. Personally I'm a little lame, so I'll start right now!"

CHOIR MUSIC

Two ladies were sitting at an open window.

One was listening to a church choir practicing across the way.

The other was listening to the noise of the crickets.

The first one said: "How loudly they sing tonight!"

And the other one said: "Yes, and they tell me they do it with their hind legs."

LEARNING FAST

"And what is the first thing you do when cleaning your rifle?" asked the sergeant.

"Look at the number, sergeant," replied the private, smartly.

"Look at the number," snorted the sergeant, in surprise. "Whatever for?"

"To make sure I don't clean one for some other fellow."

REFINED TORTURE

Mrs. Simms: "My dear, never marry anyone connected with the editorial office of a magazine or newspaper."

Miss Debb: "Why not?"

Mrs. Simms: "I married one and every night he brings home a big bundle of papers from all over the country. I nearly go crazy looking at the bargains advertised in stores hundreds of miles away."

HOMELIKE

It was a very tense scene in the film. The audience sat enthralled. Suddenly the hero slapped the heroine in the face.

In the stunned silence which followed, a little voice piped up: "Mum-mum, why doesn't she hit him back like you do?"

BRIGHT LIGHTS

"The sun," cried the lecturer grandiloquently, "shines ten million times as brightly as any lamp made by man."

"Say, mister," enquired a voice from the rear, "did you ever do any night driving?"

